THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS JUNE 1962/50¢

Wrestling REVUE

GAGNE CLAIMS WORLD TITLE

The Savage ROCCA-CARPENTIER BOUT

THE NIGHT THE GIRLS WENT WILD

FULL-COLOR PIN-UP OF RED BASTIEN

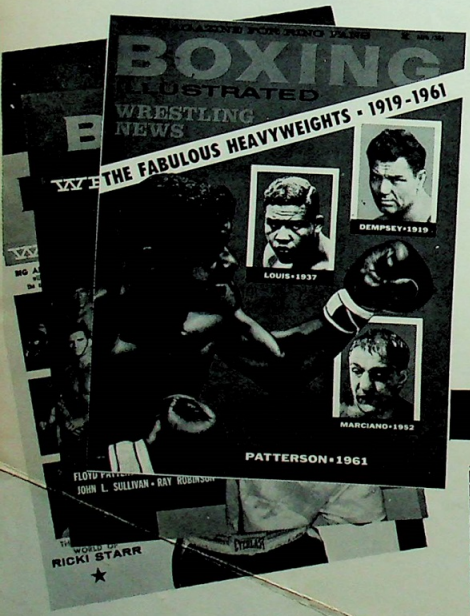
Settled at last: THE WRESTLER vs. BOXER DEBATE

CRUSHER LISOWSKI Wildman On A Rampage

A Thrilling, Completely NEW Wrestling Section in Every Issue!

THE MAGAZINE FOR RING FANS
BOXING ILLUSTRATED
WRESTLING NEWS

SUBSCRIBE NOW AND DON'T MISS A SINGLE COPY



For the wrestling fan who wants to keep posted every month BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS is a must. Every issue contains a completely new wrestling section, packed with sensational pictures and thrilling stories prepared by the editors of WRESTLING REVUE.

The subscription rate is only $3.50 (twelve big issues) per year. The biggest wrestling bargain available anywhere.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY AND SAVE!

BOXING ILLUSTRATED — WRESTLING NEWS WR 6/62
P. O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York

Sirs:
Send me the next TWELVE issues for only $3.50, saving me seventy cents over the newsstand price. I enclose payment in full.

Your Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

This offer good in U.S. & Canada. $5.00 per year all other countries.

Readers Pros and Cons

Poll-winner Snyder

POPULARITY POLL

Sirs:

When I saw the results of your Popularity Poll (Apr./62) I was overjoyed. I voted for the great Wilbur Snyder but there was some doubt in my mind that he would be the final winner. After all, with such popular wrestlers as Rocca and Valentine included, the competition was keen. But now that it's over – and Wilbur has won – all I can say is that it couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

MIKE DONIFREO
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

I was appalled by the results of your Popularity Poll. How in heaven's name could you omit Buddy Rogers from the list of candidates. As you well know, Buddy is the Champion of the World. Would you leave Floyd Patterson out of a boxing popularity poll? Of course you wouldn't! If you included Rogers, he would have won easily.

DON COHEN
New Brunswick, N. J.

Sirs:

I am glad to see that Wilbur Snyder won the poll, but how could a great wrestler like Larry Chene – who is almost solely responsible for putting Detroit back on the wrestling map – wind up a low ninth? I demand a recount.

LES BRETT
Hamtrack, Mich.

Sirs:

Guess what – My ballot turned out to be exactly right from first to tenth place. How about a prize?

ROGER DAVIS
Odessa, Tex.

● Okay. Congratulations – ED.

Rocca – How could anybody out-popular him?

Sirs:

I realize you may have received many similar complaints but here goes: How can anyone – Snyder, Valentine and Gagne included – **outpopularity** Antonino Rocca? For ten years, Rocca has been wrestling's greatest attraction and he seems to get better with each passing year. No other wrestler can sell out Madison Square Garden every time he wrestles.

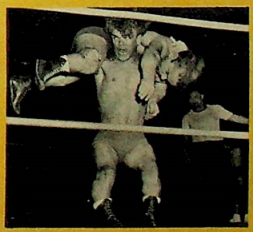
LOU CONN
Jamaica, N. Y.

Sirs:

Congratulations on being the first magazine to organize an "election" for wrestling fans. But I have one complaint – your ballot listed only scientific wrestlers. Such stars as Buddy Rogers, Dick the Bruiser and Skull Murphy weren't considered. So how about a poll for the villains?

WENDY FONDA
Paterson, N. J.

● See page 8 of this issue for wrestling's first **Unpopularity** poll – ED.



Those entertaining midgets

THE MIDGETS

Sirs:

Your story "Life Among the Midget Wrestlers," (Apr./62) touched me deeply. I always thought that these tiny people were completely normal except for their size. It was an extremely well-written and enlightening story.

DANNY EDWARDS
Miami Beach, Fla.

(*continued on page 6*)

VOL. 3, NO. 4 JUNE/1962

THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

Wrestling REVUE

Contents

3 READERS PROS AND CONS
(Letters)

8 WRESTLING REVUE'S UN-POPULARITY POLL

12 THE GREAT WRESTLER VS. BOXER DEBATE
By The Editors

18 MOST OF ALL, I REMEMBER THIS NIGHT
By Eddie Graham

20 DORY DIXON'S TARGET IS BUDDY ROGERS
By Bob Verlin

25 CHEERS FOR THE NEW CHAMPIONS—VALENTINE AND ELLIS

28 THE YEAR OF THE CRUSHER
By Max Braun

33 OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

34 ROCCA VS. CARPENTIER—WHO WON?

35 CLOSE-UP OF RED BASTIEN

39 LOTS OF MOOLAH FOR THE FABULOUS MOOLAH

40 THE CASE FOR VERNE GAGNE
By Hal Hennesey

45 THE STRANGE WORLD OF YUKON ERIC
By Mel Beers

48 THE MANY FACES OF TONY LANZA
By George Salvador

54 THE LORRAINE JOHNSON-KAY NOBLE FUED RAGES ON

60 CHICAGO STRIP

64 SKULL FINDS A TEAM MATE
By George Smith

FULL COLOR PAGES

36-37 RED BASTIEN

STANLEY WESTON, Editor & Publisher

Assistant Editors:

MICHAEL A. GLICK, ALLEN RESSLER, MEL BEERS, HENRY KRAWEIC, TOBY PATRICK

Art Director: **ALFRED GUTZMER**

ABE GLICK, President **JACOB ROSENBLUTH,** Vice-President

WRESTLING REVIEW, published bi-monthly by Champion Sports Publishing Corp., P.O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York. Address all subscriptions, changes of address and matters pertaining thereto to: Wrestling Review, P.O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York. Address all editorial and advertising matter to Champion Sports Publishing Corp., 545 Fifth Ave., Suite 609, New York 17, New York. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by written permission of the Publishers. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $3.00 per year in U.S. $3.00 in Canada; $4.00 in all other countries. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order payable in U.S. funds. Second-class postage paid at Rockville Centre, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices.

Copyright by Champion Sports Publishing Corp., 1962.

You'll Be Wise To Accept This BIG COMBINATION OFFER NOW!

A COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTION BRINGS YOU

12 Issues of Boxing Illustrated-Wrestling News PLUS 6 Issues of Wrestling Revue —

A TOTAL OF **18** COLORFUL AND EXCITING MAGAZINES A YEAR FOR

Only $6.00 A Saving of $1.20

over the newsstand price. And remember, you also get the convenience of mail box delivery.

Here are but a few of the reasons why you should take advantage of this offer:

You ll be sure to receive your copy each and every month even though your newsdealer might be completely sold out, as is so often the case.

You'll get the best coverage by far of boxing and wrestling stories and pictures.

You'll quickly discover why both BOXING ILLUSTRATED and its sister publication WRESTLING REVUE have been acclaimed by not only the fans, but by the promoters and athletes themselves as the finest magazines of their kind ever published.

You'll come with us behind the scenes for intimate looks at the leading stars.

You'll discover for yourself why more people read BOXING ILLUSTRATED and WRESTLING REVUE than all their competitors combined.

Take Advantage of the BIGGEST BARGAIN of the Year by Ordering Your Combination Subscription TODAY

CHAMPION SPORTS PUBLISHING CORP. **WR 6/62**
BOX 384
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I., NEW YORK

Enter my combination subscription starting with the next issues. I have enclosed six dollars ($6.00) as payment in full.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Offer good in U.S. and Canada only. $9.00 in all other countries. If you have subscribed before and this is a renewal please check applicable box or boxes below:

☐ BOXING ILLUSTRATED ☐ WRESTLING REVUE

Readers

(*continued from page* 3)

CHECK IN OMAHA

Sirs:

In checking out the various wrestling capitals of the nation you forgot Omaha, Nebraska. It's tops all the way. Come out here and see for yourself.

NORM WINE
Omaha, Nebr.

ANOTHER GREAT NIGHT

Sirs:

Your excellent picture story, "Another Great Night at the Garden," (Apr./62) was greater than the night itself.

SUSAN JERRIMY
Seattle, Wash.

Bulldog Brower — Look in BOXING ILLUSTRATED

BEEF DEPARTMENT

Sirs:

I have every issue of Wrestling Revue and enjoy its action-packed stories and pictures very much. But I do have one beef — you have yet to do a story on the toughest man in wrestling, Dick "Bulldog" Brower. How tough is Brower? Well, he marched into Canada and, in the space of a year, won a hundred matches without a single loss or draw.

BRIAN VIVIAN
Ontario, Canada

● A story on Brower appeared in the Feb./1962 issue of WR's sister magazine, BOXING ILLUSTRATED. — ED.

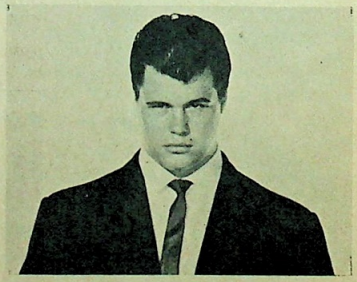
Five girl Battle Royal

FIVE VILLAIN BATTLE ROYAL

Sirs:

I read with interest your "Five Girl Battle Royal," (Feb./62) in which five girls were placed in a ring in a battle to the finish. Now why not take such villains as Killer Kowalski, The Brute, Buddy Rogers, The Bruiser and Fred Blassie and let them knock each other off just as the girls did? It would be a wonderful thing for decent wrestlers and fans to get rid of those guys.

BILLY SALTZMAN
Downey, Calif.



Bobby Davis — Colorful Personality?

WRESTLING'S NEGLECTED MAN

Sirs:

In the past you have published many fine articles on Buddy Rogers, Bob Orton and the Graham Brothers, but never have I seen a story on the man who guided them to the top — Bobby Davis, wrestling's neglected man. There are those who say Davis is strictly a showman, an adornment for the champions. But he has proven over again: that he is a very colorful personality.

WALT TRASKUS
Chicago, Ill.

YOU FORGOT EDDIE

Sirs:

I found one glaring error in your Popularity Poll. You failed to include Eddie Graham among the list of candidates. He visits orphan's homes and hospitals; works out with boys in the gyms; gives wrestling instruction to youngsters on TV every Saturday, and outdraws such stars as Rocca and Pat O'Connor.

JASON TROWE
Jacksonville, Fla.

LISTENING POST

Sirs:

By far the most interesting feature on wrestling I have ever seen is "The Listening Post." But, so far, this gossip-column has appeared only in your sister magazine, BOXING ILLUSTRATED. Let's have this terrific feature in WR also.

THOMAS WRIGHT
Keokuk, Iowa

SAN FRANCISCO SPEAKS OUT

Sirs:

San Francisco is the Mecca of great wrestlers. We have imported such proven stars as Killer Kowalski, Fred Blassie, Haystacks Calhoun, Pepper Gomez, Bob Ellis and Wilbur Snyder. We have exported Ray Stevens, Mitsu Arakawa, Kenji Shibuyi, Bill Melby and the Brunetti Brothers. Why not add a special section each issue covering the various great grappling cities. And why not start with San Francisco?

MIKE BROWN
Merlo Park, Calif.

Ray Stevens — Finally makes Top Ten

ABOUT TIME

Sirs:

I see you have finally rated Ray Stevens in your Top Ten. It's about time!

NED HARRIS
San Jose, Calif.

WRESTLING RULES

Sirs:

I am in complete agreement that the NWA must be straightened out, and a new universal set of rules be established. For the betterment of the sport here are my suggestions as to rule-changes:

1 – Such holds that stem from judo or karate **should** be allowed! Any hold used in wrestling can be dangerous, and it is not the job of an official to determine which holds to ban. It would detract from the sport's excitement.

2 – A fifteen-second limit on entering the ring is excellent, but why not a **five**-second count when a wrestler is on the ring apron or when he places his leg outside the ropes.

3 – The count limiting the duration of an illegal hold should be **three.** But the important thing is that the wrestler must obey immediately. If he doesn't – disqualify him with no questions asked.

4 – A wrestler should be allowed to argue with a referee, but not to touch him. An attack on any official should prompt a stiff fine.

No matter what rules are adopted, they should be strictly enforced and be in effect everywhere.

KATHLEEN VALETSKY
Somerville, N. J.

WRESTLING INVASION

Sirs:

The great sport of wrestling has invaded England – in full force. Our favorite mat man is Billy Two Rivers, the famed Mohawk Indian.

GEORGE ERNEST SMITH
Sussex, England

Hard-boiled Haggerty without mask

THE MASKED MAN

Sirs:

Minnesota has been hit by a masked-man named Mr. M. He claims that if he is pinned within twenty minutes he will unmask – then give his conqueror a thousand dollars. So far nobody has unmasked him. Who is Mr. M?

LARRY HETMANEK
Rochester, Minn.

● Mr. M. was recently unmasked and found to be Hard-Boiled Haggerty. – ED.

WRESTLING REVUE'S UN-POPULARITY POLL

Recently you selected your favorite heroes.
Now here's your opportunity to vote for,
or against, depending on how you look at it,
those hateful villains
—the fellows you love to jeer.

OFFICIAL RULES

1 In the "rating" box provided under each candidate's name, place the number, from one to ten, in which you rate that particular man in order of UN-POPULARITY. (Facsimile forms may be used if desired).

2 All boxes must be numbered.

3 In 25 words or less, give the reason for your Number One choice.

4 If the name of the wrestler you consider most Un-popular is not listed on our ballot, you may write-in his name and the vote will be counted for that individual.

5 All ballots must be postmarked not later than May 15, 1962.

6 Mail your ballot to: Poll Editor,
WRESTLING REVUE
545 Fifth Ave. – Room 609,
New York 17, New York

OFFICIAL BALLOT

A

Crusher Lisowski
RATING ☐

B

Gene Kiniski
RATING ☐

C

Killer Kowalski
RATING ☐

D

Bulldog Brower
RATING ☐

E

Buddy Rogers
RATING ☐

F

Ray Stevens
RATING ☐

G

Fritz Von Erich
RATING ☐

H

The Bruiser
RATING ☐

I

Angelo Poffo
RATING ☐

J

Skull Murphy
RATING ☐

My No. 1 Choice is _____

Because: (25 words or less) _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Signed _____

Your Name _____

Your Address _____

Your Age _____

Your City _____ Zone _____ State _____

IT WAS INEVITABLE! And you, the American wrestling fans, are responsible. When we published our Most Popular Wrestler Poll in the February, 1962 issue, your response was overwhelming. Your votes — 27,000 of them — showed that you favored clean-cut Wilbur Snyder as North America's most popular wrestler, and the award was justly deserved. You then rated the next nine most popular mat men in order of popularity. We published the results in the April issue of WRESTLING REVUE, along with a feature story about winner Snyder.

We thought that our polling days were over. It had been not only exciting, but fun — and, we think, very informative. But our polling days were not over. Not by a long shot. For among the thousands of entries were "write-in" votes which named wrestlers who did not appear on our ballot. Hundreds of these "write-in" votes named villains as the "most popular." Many accompanying letters asked, in effect, "How come you didn't list any of the great villains? There are many fans who realize that, without the villains, wrestling would die. Most of us wouldn't attend a wrestling match if we couldn't see Buddy Rogers, Bruiser or Ray Stevens knocking the stuffing out of one of the pretty boys. It is only when they have rough competition that heroes rise to their greatest heights. So how about a poll to determine the most-hated villains?"

Your wish is our command. Also, we think it's a fine idea. As we said before, it was inevitable. Therefore, here and now, we present WRESTLING REVUE'S UN-POPULARITY POLL FOR VILLAINS. Probably, more than anyone, we at WR are aware of the great popularity of the rough, tough, "hated" bad guys who give us many of our most memorable moments. We have commented on this more than once. It is a fact that modern wrestling — from the 1920's on — **depends** on the villains for its great entertainment value.

Where would wrestling be without grim, grimacing, hateful and towering personalities like Killer Kowalski, Bruiser, Hans Schmidt, Gene Kiniski and Don Leo Jonathan? True, the two important "lifts" wrestling has had in the last 12 years came from heroes — Antonino Rocca and Ricki Starr. But — what would Rocca have done if he hadn't been able to work his magic on the likes of Rogers and Kowalski? And what would Ricki have done had he not been able to torture such frustrated foils as Karl Von Hess?

Yes, villains and heroes go together like whiskey and soda. The villains are the whiskey, fans — and without it the soda would be very flat.

During our years of research, we have made this somewhat surprising observation. When two popular heroes are matched against each other, not much enthusiasm is generated on the part of the fans. Since both wrestlers are liked, the crowd doesn't know which one to root for — and they hate to see either lose. The bout usually falls flat. But put two villains in the ring and, although the result may not be as well-received as a villain-vs.-hero match, it causes plenty of excitment. Both contestants are certain to get roughed up, and it doesn't matter much who wins.

Don't misunderstand us — this is not a plot to get rid of heroes! But we must be realistic. Wrestling, near the end of 3,000 years of evolution, has reached its final, and possibly most interesting, phase. It needs villains as much as, if not more than, heroes.

The fact that public demand forced this second poll proves it.

The rules for the Un-popularity poll are the same as for the Popularity poll — with one exception. If your un-favorite villain doesn't happen to be listed on the ballot, feel free to write-in your choices.

We are looking for America's most un-popular villain, and your letters indicate that the following are the Big Ten on a **nationwide basis:**

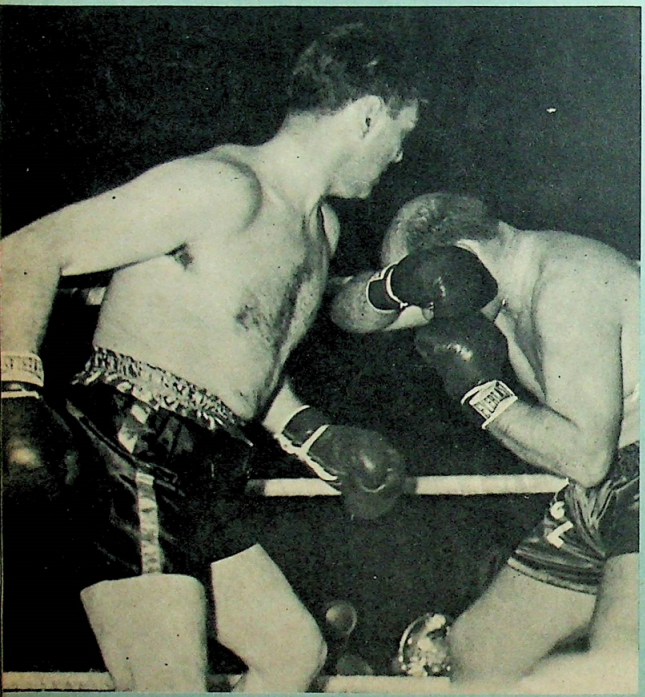
CRUSHER LISOWSKI	RAY STEVENS
GENE KINISKI	FRITZ VON ERICH
KILLER KOWALSKI	THE BRUISER
BULLDOG BROWER	ANGELO POFFO
BUDDY ROGERS	SKULL MURPHY

Their listing is **not** in order of un-popularity. It's up to you to put them in order, rating them from 1 to 10. Again, the best reason for your choice will be published in a future issue of WRESTLING REVUE. Read the rules and the ballot carefully, then decide on your Big Winner, and give your reason for so deciding.

Now go ahead and vote. We know how you enjoyed taking part in the election of your Most Popular Wrestler. We think electing your Most Un-Popular Wrestler will be just as much fun.

May the **worst** man win! •

THE GREAT WRESTLER vs.



We're tired hearing people debate the age old question:

Who would win between a boxer and a wrestler?

In an attempt to reach a final solution, we did a thorough research job and came up with some surprising conclusions.

Wrestler Cowboy Luttrell covers up under Jack Dempsey's attack. Jack won by kayo.

WITHIN THE LAST YEAR, at least two wrestling champions have issued challenges to the heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Both Pat O'Connor and Ed Carpentier have challenged Floyd Patterson to a showdown "mixed contest", and Carpentier, in 1959, dared Ingemar Johansson to meet him in the ring. Most recently, Antonino Rocca says publicly that he'll take on Floyd and donate his entire purse to charity.

This is nothing new. In fact, such Wrestler vs. Boxer challenges are as old as wrestling itself. At the turn of the century, Tom Jenkins, then heavyweight wrestling champion of America, offered to wrestle heavyweight boxing champion Bob Fitzsimmons – and later, the great wrestler, Frank Gotch, dared any and all boxing champions to meet him head on.

We're sick of this whole silly business, that's why we're writing this article. We want to clear up, once and for all, the pressing issue of whether a wrestler can defeat a boxer in the ring – or out – but more important, we want to show why the whole subject is not worthy of serious discussion. Except this last time.

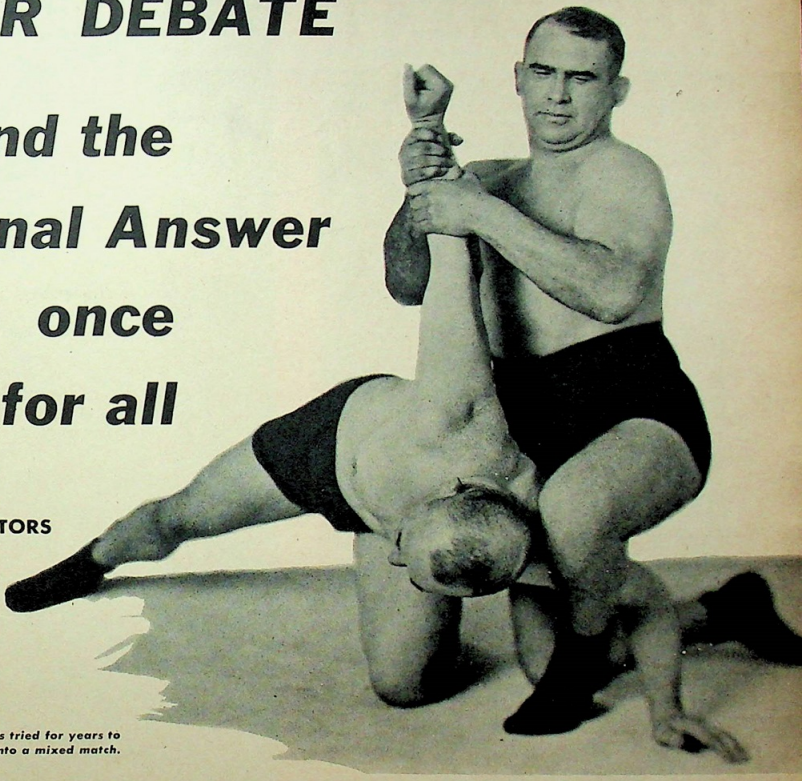
In the first place, it is our opinion that few, if any, boxer-wrestler contests held since 1922 have been serious efforts to determine which athlete is superior. At that time, Ed "Strangler" Lewis was the genuine wrestling champion, and at the height of his long and illustrious career. On March 17, 1922, Lewis posted a $5,000 guarantee and publicly challenged Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight boxing champion, to a mixed match.

"I firmly believe," said the Strangler, "that

BOXER DEBATE

...and the Final Answer once and for all

BY THE EDITORS



Ed "Strangler" Lewis tried for years to get Jack Dempsey into a mixed match.

wrestling is superior to boxing as a means of self-defense. I will meet Dempsey anywhere in the country to prove it."

Billy Sandow, Lewis' manager, went even further. He posted a $5,000 wager, stating, "Lewis will defeat Dempsey within twenty minutes in a showdown match." Dempsey would be allowed to enter the ring with bare fists, if he preferred, **and** he would be allowed to engage in either boxing or wrestling tactics. This tends to support the seriousness of Lewis' challenge. All recent mixed bouts have stipulated that the boxer must wear regulation boxing gloves.

Unfortunately, the Lewis-Dempsey bout never came off, even though Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, was receptive to the idea. One difficulty was in getting any state athletic commission to sanction the match. Many other reasons have been given, but Dempsey himself, according to Lewis, came up with the right one. In a way, it answers the whole question positively.

During an interview in 1950, the now mellow Lewis discussed the matter with a leading sports editor. "This fuss as to whether a boxer can defeat a wrestler isn't worth much attention," commented the old Strangler. "The boxers don't want any part of it since the advantage is all with the wrestler. Some years ago they tried to get Jack Dempsey to go against me. I felt that Jack would be rather foolish to accept the proposal. He didn't. I found out why, later.

"Jack told me that he'd had a try with a middleweight wrestler in private. Jack, as you know, had wanted to be a wrestler before he

became a boxer, and he has always maintained his interest in wrestling. That's why he referees so many wrestling bouts and has engaged in more than one boxer-wrestler match. Not, however, under the conditions that would have governed **our** proposed match.

"Anyway, against this middleweight wrestler, Jack found himself on the canvas in no time flat. Once there he was helpless. He later told me, 'If I couldn't lick a middleweight, what chance would I have against you?' "

In other words, Dempsey discovered that in a genuine bout, a boxer would have little chance against a good wrestler, even if the boxer were allowed to use his bare hands and employ wrestling tactics.

As for the present-day versions of mixed bouts, wherein the boxer is compelled to use gloves, it's almost invariably no-contest.

No matter how far back in the records you go, you find wrestlers whipping boxers. Of course, only bouts involving champions and important contenders ever get newspaper space – but those are the ones that serve as the pattern. John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy – and he really was powerful – was putty in the hands of the American wrestling champion of his time, William Muldoon. A publicity stunt of 1890, during Sullivan's reign as champion, was to have him and Muldoon train together in public. Remember, these impromptu matches were designed to promote **Sullivan's** popularity. The fact that Muldoon always emerged victor is significant. Sullivan's prestige did not wane as a result of these defeats, even though they took place month after month.

And Bob Fitzsimmons, himself a pretty fair wrestler, was defeated not only by Tom Jenkins but by lesser wrestlers as well.

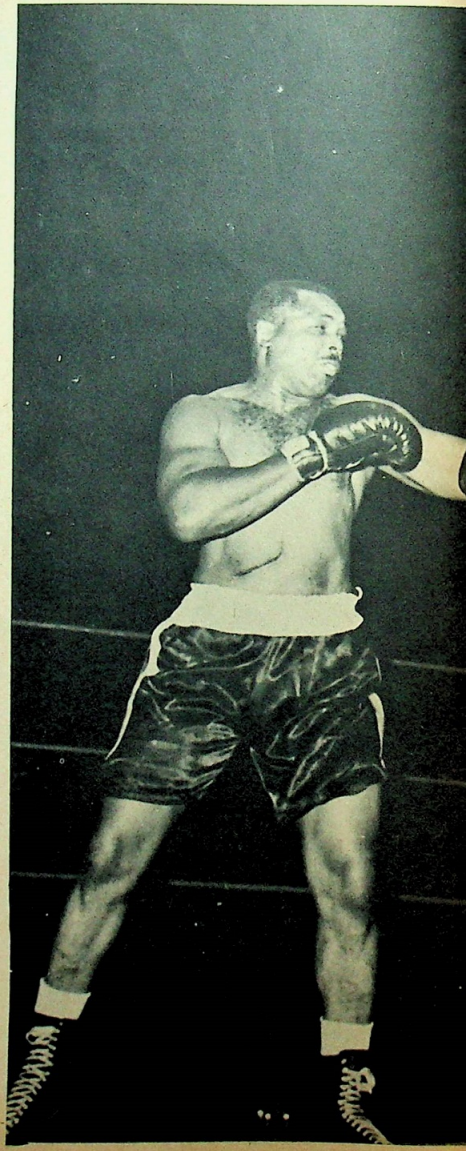
There are two reasons why the controversy still rages, and why fans of both sports continue to drum up enthusiasm and altercation among themselves. Neither argument has anything to do with the question of which is superior, a boxer or a wrestler, when **each is contesting under his own terms.**

It is a known fact that boxers can, and do, occasionally turn wrestler successfully. In almost no instance, however, has a wrestler turned boxer with any success. The single case we can think of is that of Paul Berlenbach, an amateur wrestler of the Twenties who turned fighter before his wrestling career had gone far along, and became light-heavyweight boxing champion of the world.

Primo Carnera, of course, is the best example of a wrestler who turned boxer, and then wrestler again. It is generally agreed that Primo was **never** anything but a wrestler!

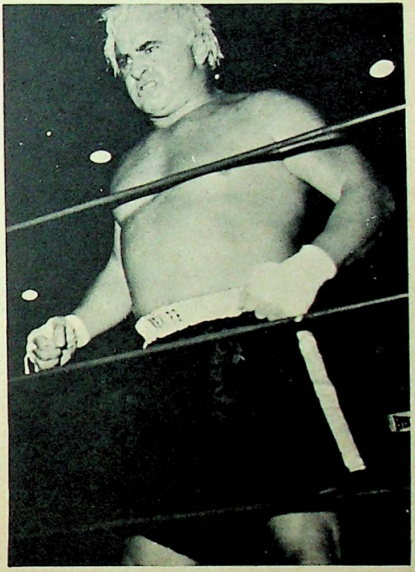
Most other wrestlers who tried fighting – after they had been wrestling for some time – wound up as punching bags. It is this fact that people misconstrue when discussing the boxer-versus-wrestler controversy.

The other thing people talk about – those who claim that a boxer is superior – is the fact that



In a highly publicized mixed-match which took place in Indianapolis a few years ago, world light heavyweight boxing champion Archie Moore, left, stopped wrestler Roy Shires.

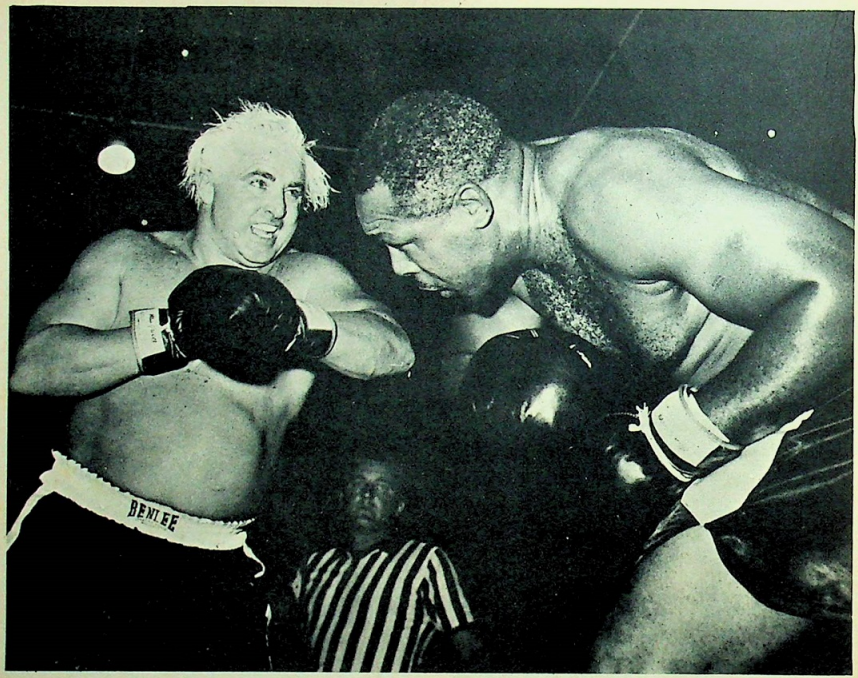
Shires angrily walks back to his corner after bout ended. He insisted that he would have licked Moore had he not been forced to wear boxing gloves. Most observers agreed with Roy, since gloves certainly place the wrestler at a big disadvantage. Other photos of Moore-Shires bout on next page.



now and then a fighter will engage in a match with a wrestler and knock him kicking. In almost all such cases, though, the fight was a straight boxing match, with both participants wearing gloves and abiding by prize ring rules.

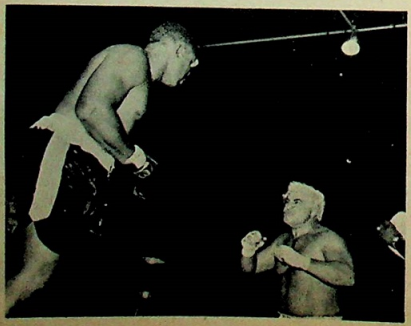
The most important case in point is the battle between Jack Dempsey and wrestler Cowboy Luttrell on July 1st, 1940, and the two others that followed later in that same month. They were Jack's last recorded boxing matches. All were against wrestlers and all ended in the second round with Dempsey-inflicted knockouts.

And all were fought with gloves, under boxing rules. That is, the wrestlers didn't have a chance. The old Manassa Mauler, 45 at the time (Archie Moore's age, or thereabouts) was still in pretty good shape and still had a wicked punch. The beating he administered to Luttrell was a brutal thing which almost ended both the Cowboy's



Shires stormed in at Moore soon after bout began. He tossed haymakers in all directions, but Archie easily avoided them.

Frustrated by his inability to land a solid blow, Shires ripped off his gloves and charged at the boxing champion.



career and his life. His face was bashed in and he nearly lost the sight of one eye. Although Luttrell and Dempsey were friendly – and still are – there is still strong resentment on the part of the Cowboy, who now is a successful promotor in Florida.

"Jack knew that I was out to knock him out," says Luttrell. "He decided to make sure I wouldn't. Now, I'm not making any accusations, understand, but I'll put it this way. I've been around tough men all my life. I've been a fighter and a wrestler for forty years. I've been hit and hit hard. But I say that no human being could possibly hit as hard as Jack hit me that night! Make what you will of it."

All we can make of it is that Cowboy thinks Dempsey is gifted with supernatural powers – or that he slugged him with a loaded fist. We can also say this: One recent day, Luttrell walked into Dempsey's Broadway restaurant and, going up to the smiling Jack, nudged him in the ribs with an elbow. "I still like you, you old S.O.B., but when are you going to admit that I'd have killed you that day in Atlanta – if you hadn't

had a handful of lead?" Dempsey, still smiling, slapped his old pal on the back and they had a drink together. We understand that this little scene has been repeated several times in the last twenty years. Which is just fine – so long as it ends at the bar.

The most recent wrestler-boxer fight to attract attention was the one held in Indianapolis between light heavyweight champion Archie Moore and wrestler Roy Shires. After old Arch knocked Roy dead early in the bout, Roy's "brother", Ray (they were a tag team in the Midwest until recently) leaped into the ring and engaged Archie. Ray was wearing only bandages on his hands. Archie promptly sent him into dreamland too.

At once, the pro-boxer camp pointed with over-eager pride at the results. "See," they raved, "a boxer can not only lick a wrestler, he can lick **two** wrestlers in one night!" Sure he can – provided the wrestlers wear boxing gloves! Had the wrestlers been allowed to use wrestling tactics – had it been a legitimate boxer-wrestler bout – Archie Moore would probably have been upended and pinned by Shires within a couple of minutes. This is not to take any credit away from Moore – it's just the way it always works out.

Therefore, any good wrestler can afford to challenge the heavyweight champion to a mixed match. He knows that the odds, because of the rules, favor him overwhelmingly. The boxer knows it too. That is why, for fifty years, no current heavyweight boxing champion has ever disgraced himself by engaging in a public match with a wrestler.

Such a match would not do either sport any good. And that should be the final arbiter of the question. There is no doubt but that new fans will continue to be fascinated by this age-old controversy. Mixed matches between over-the-hill boxers and wrestlers will continue to be staged. And WRESTLING REVUE, obliged to report anything that interests its readers, will publish such accounts.

But the answer to the question was settled long ago. As we said, it no longer deserves serious discussion. Boxing is one sport, wrestling another. Both in their own right are healthy, entertaining and an important part of the world of people. So let's conclude it this way:

In the ring, a good wrestler will almost invariably beat a good boxer. **In a bar-room brawl between non-professionals, the guy who gets in the most punches will probably win.** Therefore, from the standpoint of self-defense for the average guy, he will do well to learn how to box effectively, learn a few wrestling holds and maybe a judo blow or two. This way, he'll be better prepared when attacked by some wise guy. Remember, our discussion in this article involves professionals. Don't take our arguments as meaning that you can afford to ignore boxing as a means of self-defense and, strictly with wrestling holds, go out and beat up the town bully.

You'll probably get your brains knocked out. •

★ WANTED ★

The task of compiling the mass of information that goes into every issue of B.I. is an enormous one.

It requires not only the skill of expert writers and analysts, but also a continual flow of the basic information which comes in the form of letters from B.I. readers throughout the world as well as clippings from their local newspapers.

You can be of great service to the staff and help produce an even better B.I. if you would send us all boxing and wrestling stories clipped from your local newspapers.

Your efforts will be greatly appreciated.

Send clippings to:

BOXING ILLUSTRATED,
BOX 384,
ROCKVILLE CENTRE,
NEW YORK

MOST OF ALL,

A great wrestler explains why one

With blood pouring down his face, Graham is kept away from George by the officials. "If I could have got to him I would have killed him," Eddie recalled.

I REMEMBER THIS NIGHT

particular match that took place five years ago means so much to him

BY EDDIE GRAHAM

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME. A long time since I started wrestling. A long time since I grew up. As a wrestler, I mean. I remember a lot of things about the last ten years — and a lot of them are things I'd rather forget. Those were the growing pains, and they're still painful. Whenever I start to believe what people tell me — that I'm a fine wrestler and a credit to the game — whenever I start to feel satisfied with myself — then I remember the tough times and how hard it was to get where I am.

Most of all, I remember this night in Amarillo, Texas. It was in 1956 but it seems like yesterday. I make sure it seems like yesterday because if the time should ever come when I forget that night, I might just as well turn back the clock and go back to what I was then — a nothing; a big, clumsy, swell-headed *nothing*.

I'd been wrestling for five years by that time. They say it takes a five-year apprenticeship to make a real wrestler, and in my case it proved to be true. Some guys have enough natural talent and strength, or the gift of showmanship, to make it big overnight — but if you look into the history of most of them, you'll find that even the overnight stars had a few years of barnstorming in the sticks behind them.

Me, I had to go through the mill. And it was on that night in Amarillo that everything suddenly jelled and when I walked out of the arena, I was a *wrestler*. More important, I was a man. And who do you think I have to thank for it? Gorgeous George, of all people! No kidding — even though I was probably ready for it to happen, and it might have happened no matter who I was wrestling that night, I think George is largely responsible — partly because of the kind of guy he is, and partly because he beat me. That's right — on the most important night in my wrestling career, I was licked. Brother, was I licked!

If you know about Gorgeous George — and who doesn't? — you know he was one of the biggest sensations in wrestling history, starting from the time he changed his name from George Wagner, a run-of-the-mill grappler, and put on those fancy robes and bleached his hair and hired a valet. He was — and still is — one of the greatest showmen of all times. He's a little guy by today's standards, but that doesn't matter, he knows how to wrestle and don't let anybody tell you otherwise. I found out the hard way.

I felt pretty good about wrestling George. It was a big chance for me to prove I was really good. I was sure I could beat him. I'd beaten a lot of tough guys in the South and I outweighed George by twenty pounds. Not only that, I decided to beat him at his own game. I would be as rough as he was — even rougher!

George easily pulls out of danger as Graham swings wildly at his face. This sort of thing showed Eddie's total lack of experience, as well as his lack of self-control.

We met in the center of the ring and I let him get an armlock on me, just to see what I was up against. You can always tell how stiff the competition is going to be the minute you make contact. You know right away if you're going to have a hard time.

Well, inside the first thirty seconds I knew I was up against a master wrestler. My extra few pounds did me about as much good as a tub of lard. I found that I'd underestimated George's strength, for one thing. He has fantastic leverage; and his strength is in his tendons rather than in his muscles. This often fools people. Another guy like that is Don Curtis. He doesn't look it but he's one of the strongest men in wrestling — his tendons are like steel cables.

(*continued on page* 38)

BY BOB VERLIN

TARGET: BUDDY ROGERS

After cutting a bloody path through all opposition, Adonis-like Dory Dixon has his sights set on the world champion.

Dory Dixon's physique is one of the best in the sports world.

GOOD THINGS are happening in Texas. They always are, of course. There was the Alamo, off-shore oil, and all those famous millionaires. The Texans have never let any mesquite grow under their feet, that's for sure.

But what's happening down there now is not only good, it's different. Different from anything in history.

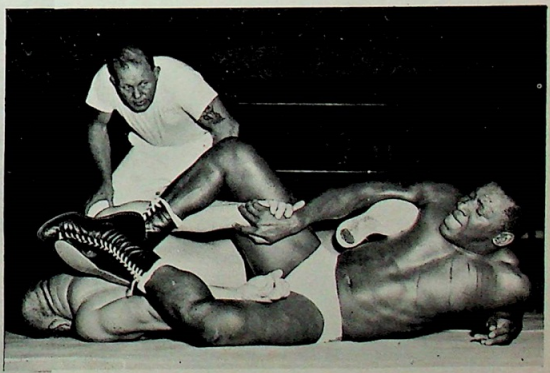
Texas has a brand new wrestling hero. Not just a hero. A champion. Not just a champion. A Negro. His name is Dory Dixon and he's the biggest thing since Pecos Pete. Stories of his prowess excited us several months ago; we waited to see if they would stand up. They did – Dory continued to smash a bloody path through the worst villains the Southwest had to offer. We got a line on him from promoter Morris Segal, then went down to Texas to get the details.

The details started back in the early 1950's, when Dory Dixon was a teenager in Jamaica, British West Indies. Like most West Indian Negroes, Dory's chances of becoming world famous seemed about nil at the time.

Dory couldn't sing; and, although strong and athletic, he didn't think he possessed outstanding talents as a ball player. So he chose for his inspiration men like Antonino Rocca, Blackie Guzman and Rito Romero, Latin wrestlers who had climbed up out of their environment to become big names. He knew he would have to have outstanding strength to achieve his ambition, so he began building up his body with weights.

By 1954, 20-year-old Dory Dixon was well on his way. In that year he not only won first place in the Pan American Olympics, but he won the title "Mr. Jamaica" for his outstanding physique. No body builder with muscles made of cheese, Dory is strictly a lifter. Used to "jerking" 300-plus pounds

Dixon rides Tony Borne like a bucking bronko during a recent match in Amarillo, Texas, which provoked a dangerous riot.



Dory clamps Borne in a combination leg and arm lock as referee Marvin Jones carefully watches the action. Borne suffered about three minutes in this position before he finally broke loose.

over head in barbell fashion, he has little trouble duplicating the feat with 250-pound opponents in the wrestling ring.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves. Before Dory took up wrestling, he had to first be discovered. This took place in that same momentous year ("The most important year of my life"). But not in Jamaica. A year before, young Dixon, due to his rugged appearance and honest qualities, was tabbed by Mexico's president Rapheal Avila Comacho to be his personal bodyguard. Dory got a good background in the ways of the world, travelling around with the president and learning the facts of life. "It was a good life," he says today, "but it didn't seem to be leading anywhere."

It started to lead somewhere when Salvador Lutherath, Mexico's biggest wrestling promoter, decided that Dory, in every respect, would be a terrific wrestling personality. "He had looks, a physique, strength and intelligence. Also, a personality," said Lutherath. "I gave him a chance in Mexico City – and I was right. He has everything."

Dory Dixon has **more** than "everything." He has deep religious faith. This pleased Mr. Lutherath the man but it scared Mr. Lutherath the promoter. "I was a little disappointed when Dory decided to become a clergyman," he says. "He went to school and before long finished his studies for the Church. He did some preaching and seemed to like it. I thought the world was about to lose a wrestler and gain a minister."

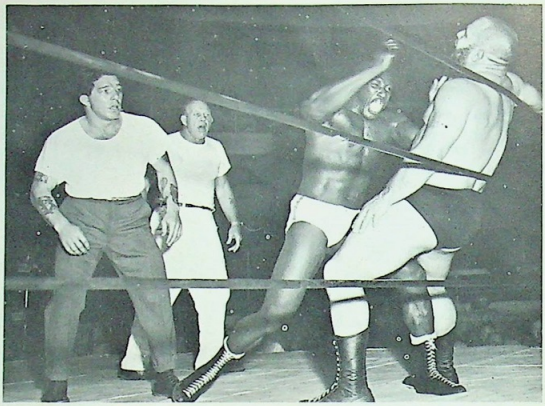
But, no – Dory himself says of that period, "It was a tough decision, but – well, by the time I had to make a choice of careers, I had been wrestling in Mexico, Central America and South America for about six years. It was the offer to go to the United States that decided me. I like wrestling very much; when I knew I could also make big money at it, I figured I could always go back to preaching."

That's what he's going to do. And wrestling fans – especially those in Texas – can breathe a sigh of relief.

It was Houston promoter Morris Segal who brought Dory to Texas. "I knew I wasn't taking a gamble with him," Segal admits. "He had built a tremendous reputation in Latin America – why shouldn't it continue up here? On the other hand, I didn't think he'd go over quite so big with Texas fans. He wasn't exactly a Jackie Robinson – a trail blazer – because Negroes had wrestled in Texas before.

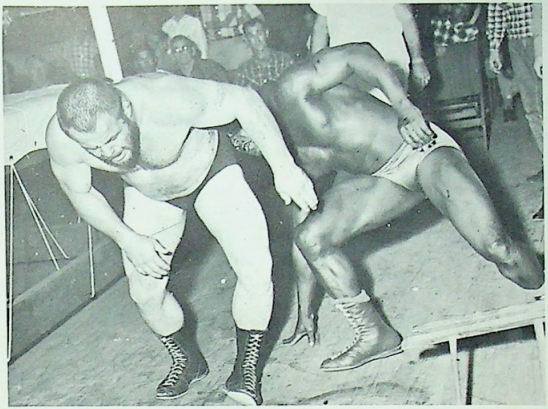
"But I wasn't prepared for the huge success Dixon was to have. He wrestled rough, the way Texans like it, and he took on anybody. It was a great day in wrestling history when Dory became Texas champion."

When we went to Houston, Dory was about to meet gorilla-



An enraged Dory Dixon swarms all over Borne after the latter had stuck his finger in Dory's eye. Soon after picture was taken Tony was knocked from ring.

The bout is awarded to Dixon on a disqualification when Borne refused to obey referee's order to stop kicking. Tony's left eye was cut by an elbow smash.



Dixon leaped out of the ring in hot pursuit and chased the stunned Borne up the aisle where he finally cornered him. The police then broke it up.

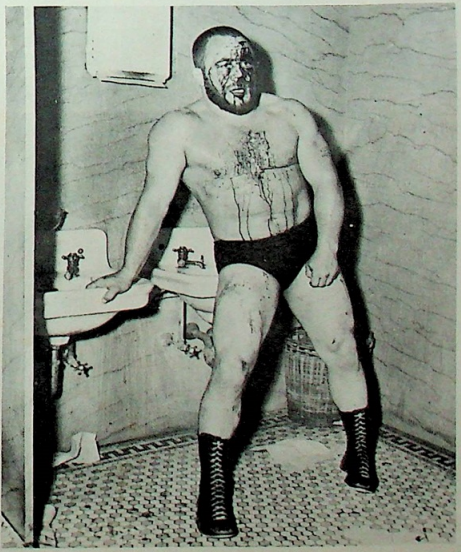
like villain, Tony Borne. Borne isn't very big but he's one of the toughest men in the ring. He was a good match for the six-foot, 200-pound Dixon. At least, he seemed to be. Then the bout began. The riotous affair resulted in the pictures shown on these pages. At the end, poor Borne was so upset – in every way – that he dashed for the washroom and locked the door. He wouldn't come out until he was convinced Dixon had left the arena.

Now you know why Dory Dixon is Texas champion. And you know why, for him, the sky's the limit. He has stated publicly that he is ready to take on Buddy Rogers for the world title. If you want an argument – and maybe a busted skull – just tell any Texan that Dixon can't beat Rogers.

Better still, wait a while. You may see Dixon and Rogers in the ring very soon. And, judging from what we've seen of Dory, we don't envy the champ's position. ●

Referee Marvin Jones was slugged by Dixon after bout ended. Said Dory, "I'm sorry I hit Mr. Jones. I lost my head. I didn't know what I was doing."

Back in dressing room Tony Borne threatens WRESTLING REVUE'S photographer who snapped picture and ran.



P-U-L-L

YOUR WAY TO NEW HEALTH

...with the revolutionary

HEALTH HORSESHOE

Here are some FACTS about achieving better health.

- You don't need expensive equipment or heavy weights.
- You need not join a health club or gymnasium.
- You can increase your muscular power and feel like a new person by exercising your body right in the privacy of your own home—inexpensively and FAST.

HOW TO DO IT

With this completely new conception in Physical Culture equipment — THE HEALTH HORSESHOE. Here is Power in a Capsule, an invention that, pound for pound, dollar for dollar, is the finest body developer ever devised. Use it according to instructions, faithfully, a few minutes EVERY day, and prove to yourself how much better you can feel.

The new HEALTH HORSESHOE is so compact you can carry it with you anywhere . . . in a briefcase to work so that you can exercise during lunchtime . . . So *rugged* it will last a lifetime . . . So *inexpensive* anyone can own it.

Exercise the neglected "pulling muscles" of your back and arms and give yourself a trim, vital upper body together with new HEALTH to glory in.

ORDER NOW ONLY $8.50

Better Health Institute, Dept. BI-4
31 Union Square, West—Room 501
New York 3, New York

Please rush me your new HEALTH HORSESHOE. I enclose $8.50 plus 50 cents shipping charges. A total of $9.00.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

All orders filled within 3 days after receipt.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Sorry, NO COD's accepted.

Want a new kind of STRENGTH?
The kind of STRENGTH you never thought possible?

Then exercise with the sensational

GIANT KRUSHER

- *Scientifically Designed*
- *A real Challenge to your MANLINESS*

HOW IT WORKS

Unlike weights, cables and other forms of exercises, the great new GIANT KRUSHER works the muscles and tendons hidden deep in the chest and shoulders—the real POWER muscles so vital to complete body development and STRENGTH. But the KRUSHER must be used with complete regularity in order for you to enjoy its full benefits. If you use it faithfully the results will amaze you and you will use it for years and years to come. This remarkable piece of equipment is made of heavy metal with oil-tempered springs and wood handles for firm gripping. You will agree with us that the GIANT KRUSHER was built to last A LIFETIME.

ORDER NOW ONLY $8.50

Better Health Institute, Dept. B-5
31 Union Square West—Room 501,
New York 3, New York

Please rush me your amazing GIANT KRUSHER. I enclose $8.50 plus 50 cents shipping charges. A total of $9.00.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

All orders filled within 3 days after receipt. Sorry, NO COD orders accepted.

Cheers for the New Champions—

VALENTINE AND ELLIS

(please turn the page)

MOST "NIGHTS at Madison Square Garden" are nights to remember — but every now and then one particular night stands out with such clarity — like a color movie etched in your mind — that you never forget it. Such a night was February 26, 1962.

This was the Garden debut of America's new Tag Team Champions, Johnny Valentine and Cowboy Bob Ellis; with the help of a dozen other star wrestlers, this newest high-voltage team caused a standing-room-only crowd, who paid nearly 60,000 dollars, to rise from their seats with a roar usually reserved for heavyweight boxing title fights and World Series upsets.

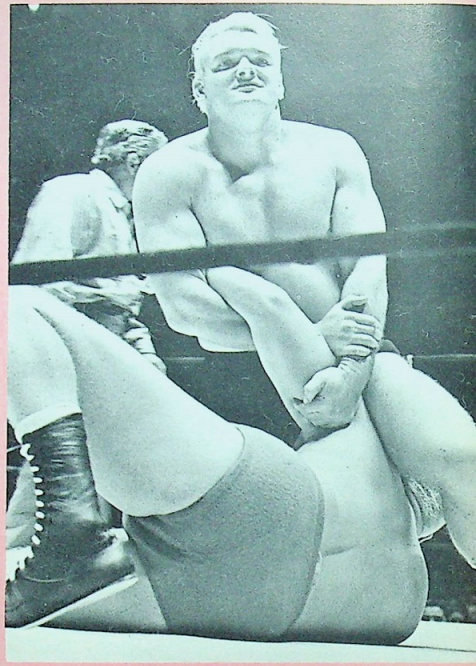
Valentine and Ellis, who first teamed up in January, clinched their title from the Fabulous Kangaroos only two weeks later, sure proof that they had formed a winning combination. Maybe an invincible combination. On February 26th they looked unbeatable. For if world champion Buddy Rogers and the big "O", Bob Orton, couldn't beat them — who can?

The Valentine-Ellis combo caused the vast crowd to stamp their feet as at a revival meeting; like they say in Show Biz, the champions had the audience in their pocket. For awhile the final result of the match was in doubt, with each team taking a fall. However, the new champs had inflicted such pain and indignity on Rogers and Orton in winning the second fall, that the brutal duo refused to come out for the third. Thus, referee Johnny Garen awarded the match to Valentine and his bulldogging partner.

At the announcement, the two tall, handsome heroes bounded joyfully into the center of the ring, smiling and waving to the crowd. The crowd showed its appreciation by all but mobbing the victors in a show of mass emotion rarely seen even at a wrestling show.

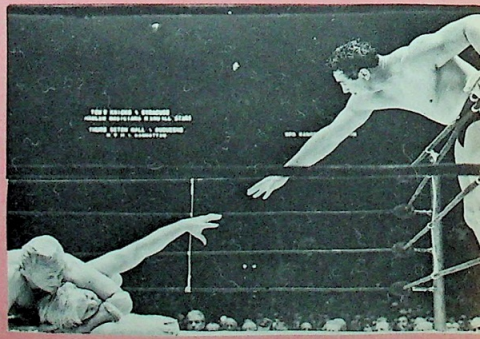
As they filed out, still buzzing about the tremendous bout they had just witnessed, the emotion was still there. Some of it will always be there — for this had been a night that combined all of the excitement, the unmatchable thrills, the hilarity and pathos that only big-time wrestling can distill into one great emotional experience . . .

This had been another night to remember. ●

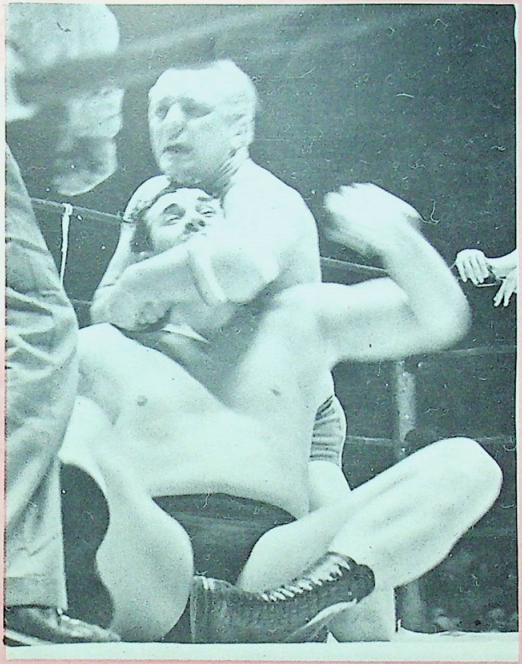


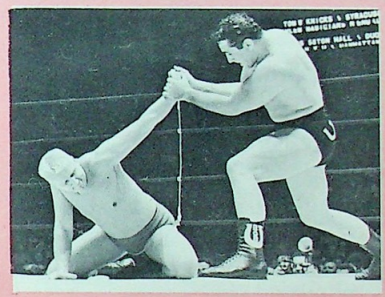
Valentine looks to crowd for encouragement as he holds big Bob Orton in armlock. The more they cheered the more pressure he exerted on Orton's throbbing arm. John kept hold two minutes.

Upper Right: Buddy Rogers, Orton's team partner, snaps headlock on Bob Ellis, who, with Valentine, holds the U.S. tag team championship. Bob freed himself by "kicking out."



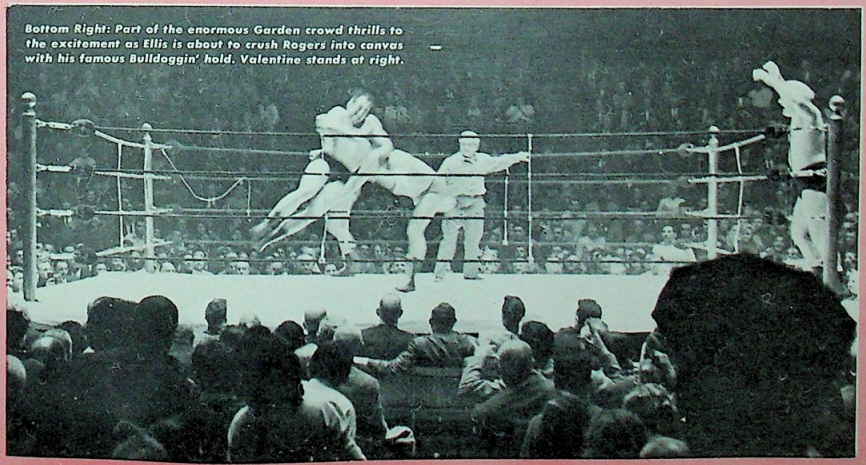
Ellis leans over as far as he possibly can in futile attempt to tag Valentine, who is held in headlock by Rogers.





Orton's left arm was Ellis' prime target throughout the match. In the two pictures above, Bob tries to stop the flow of blood into the hand. Orton said his arm still felt numb the following morning.

Bottom Right: Part of the enormous Garden crowd thrills to the excitement as Ellis is about to crush Rogers into canvas with his famous Bulldoggin' hold. Valentine stands at right.



Crusher's right fist darts out and Don Fargo's head jolts backward.

It took Crusher Lisowski a long time to reach his peak. He cut a bloody path from coast to coast during his lean years, gaining experience and nurturing his hatred for all mankind.

THE YEAR OF THE CRUSHER

BY MAX BRAUN

THE REVOLUTION of the Crusher was a long, natural process. Like the evolution of the gorilla. However, by comparison, the gorilla turned out to be a shy, mild-mannered creature that hides in the jungles and is afraid of man.

The Crusher, on the other hand, has developed into a fearsome-looking, aggressive, brutal creature who hides from no one and fears no man. Or any other beast. At the moment, this monster is loose in the asphalt jungles of Pittsburgh and New York. As yet, he has restricted his mayhem to the rings of these and surrounding communities. But, according to those who have seen him in action, it would be well for people to bar their doors at night and get off the streets early when he's in town. There's no telling when he'll go berserk and wreak havoc on innocent victims.

The Crusher's most notable victim to date is the not-so-innocent Antonino Rocca. When the Crusher defeated the Argentine in Pittsburgh recently, Rocca fans thought the world had come to an end. So did Rocca. He was so annoyed that he promptly turned the tables on the Crusher some weeks later in Madison Square Garden. What will happen next time they meet will not only be reported in this magazine, but probably also in the obituary pages.

However, the Crusher isn't choosy about whom he maltreats. He has also made mincemeat out of a very tough customer called the Sheik – and that little feat requires either the brute power of a gorilla or the masterly skill of a top-notch wrestler.

It appears that Crusher may be both. Trouble is, so far as purists are concerned, he wins most of his battles without the need of skill – he just crushes his opponents into submission. But when he takes on the likes of Rocca, you see a real wrestler at work.

Those who know the true identity of the Crusher are not surprised at this. And most of the fans in the East know that he is Reggie Lisowski, one of the world's best wrestlers.

There used to be two of them – two Lisowskis, Reggie and his younger brother Stan. They held the world tag team title about six years ago and were great attractions around their home grounds. Recently, though, Reggie moved off by himself and in a short time became the blonde scourge of eastern wrestling.

The Crusher story started in Milwaukee, his home town, but of late the plot has thickened around Pittsburgh. He was imported there by promoter Toots Mondt when Steel Town wrestling hit a new low a couple of years ago. "We needed something – someone – to give us a lift," says Mondt. "I brought in a Hungarian, since this is a Hungarian community. As his opponent I got Reggie Lisowski, who I didn't know but had heard a lot about from Milwaukee. Well, it turned out that Lisowski was the big attraction – and has been ever since."

He wasn't the Crusher then. That tag came along as part of the evolution of a villain. Lisowski always showed animal-like qualities in the ring. As time went on these became more pronounced – they sounded more and more gorilla-like. His speaking voice – if it can be called that – consisted of a guttural series of grunts and growls, even when being interviewed. Many people swore they were seeing evolution in **reverse!** "Next time I see him, I expect he'll be crawling around on all fours and chewing his opponent to death with his teeth!" said one nervous fan.

They began calling him "Crusher" Lisowski. Then, after he left his brother in Milwaukee, the Lisowski was dropped. It became just Crusher. And that's all that was necessary. Just as "Bruiser" is enough to identify Dick the Bruiser Afflis. When you **earn** a title like that, you need no other. And Crusher earned his.

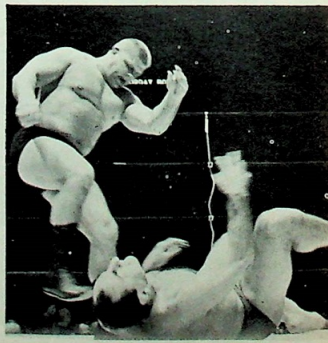
Crusher was not always so beastly. It was during the war, he claims, that he got a mad on for the world, and has been taking it out on individual citizens ever since. "I was one of the first G.I.'s in Germany during the war," he snarled recently. "I was a good joe. But when I saw what man's inhumanity to man had done to the world – hell, people trying to kill one another off for no reason, I figured if that's how they want to play the game, I'll go along! They want to destroy one another collectively – I'll do it one by one. It's the only thing they understand – brutality."

So, in a way, you could say that Crusher's malevolence in the ring is a good thing. It helps him

Lisowski, right, admits that he can't control himself in the ring. "I just go nuts," he says. "I just want to rip my opponents to pieces. I know its bad because I can get myself arrested for murder." Don Fargo is the victim at left.

get rid of the pent-up passions that resulted from his war experiences. If he weren't big and strong enough to be a wrestler, he might be venting his rage some other way. That would be even worse. Then innocent people might suffer.

Oddly enough, the Crusher is a good family man. "He's kind of hard to get along with, says pretty wife Faye, "but I've been with him for so long I understand him. Deep down, there's a streak of kindness in him. Even softness. You should see him with the children. We have three, you know – Dawn, who's 11, Larry, 13, and little David, 7. But his kindness stops once he leaves home. I just can't believe some of the things I hear about Reggie. Still, they must be true because that's all I hear about him – what a brutal person he is. Oh, well, if that's how he wants it – and so long as he's the other Reggie when he's around his family – that's all I care about."



They all look alike to Crusher. Here he does his best to kick out Antonino Rocca's brains during wild match in Madison Square Garden.

The intellect of the Crusher is another bone of contention with certain people. They say his head is all bone. "He was a bricklayer for four years before he became a wrestler. Why does he try to tell people he's really intelligent!"

Crusher doesn't. He lets them draw their own conclusions – and he obviously couldn't care less what they think. But he reminds his critics that being a bricklayer doesn't necessarily hint at a low I. Q. "The guy who wrote 'Christ in Concrete' was a bricklayer – and that was one of the greatest short stories of all time. So, he's **still** a bricklayer in New Jersey!"

Crusher has no literary or artistic ambitions. Yet, when he hangs up his gym togs there's no telling what such a powerful personality might accomplish in other fields.

But what becomes of the Crusher is less important than what he's doing now, and intends to do in the near future. What he's doing is wrecking just about everyone who gets in his way. What he intends to do is more of the same – until the public recognizes him for the world's greatest wrestler, and thereafter insists that he meet Buddy Rogers for the world title.

In Pittsburgh they have no doubt about it, right now. And in New York, now that he's been exposed to Madison Square Garden fans, they're beginning to wonder. The thing will grow, doubtless. For this is a man who, after ten years on the mat, is still on the way up.

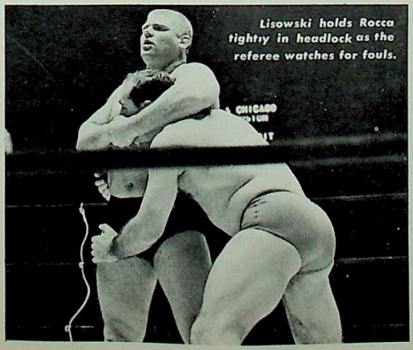
So are his victims—every time he lifts them overhead. Unlike them, however, the Crusher isn't about to fall again. "I'm like a cake with too much yeast in it," he rasps with wry humor, "– I keep rising even after the heat's off."

Only the heat's still on – and getting hotter. Rocca vows that he will not let the Crusher rest. And others are equally determined. But it doesn't bother Pittsburgh's hottest attraction. He thinks he can burn all of their britches behind them.

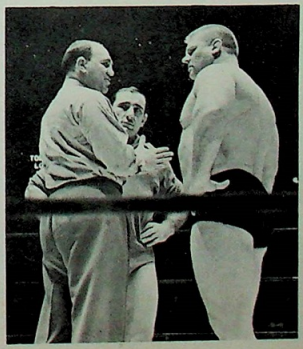
Maybe he can. ●

(see next page)

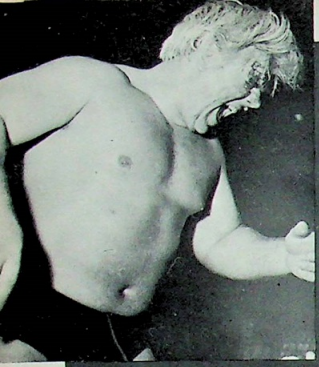
Lisowski locks Don Fargo in the dreaded Boston Crab, one of wrestling's most punishing holds. Even after Fargo quit, Crusher continued to exert pressure. Bout took place in Chicago.

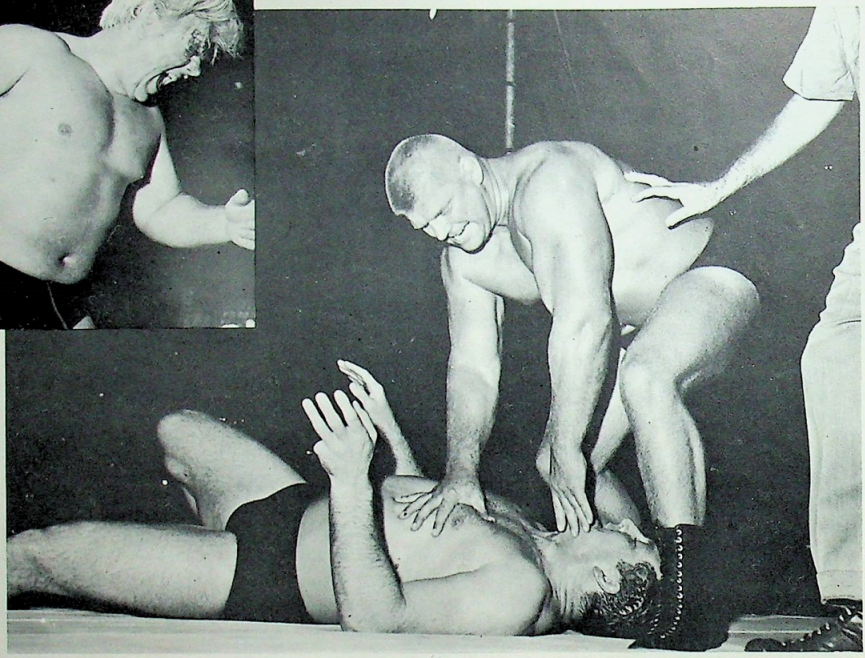


Lisowski holds Rocca tightly in headlock as the referee watches for fouls.



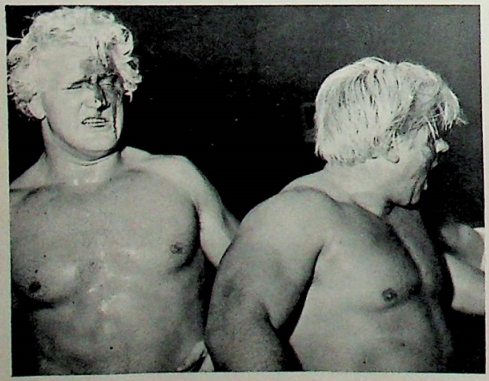
Crusher, right, carefully listens to referee's instructions before start of his bout with Rocca in Madison Sq. Garden, N. Y. Although Crusher lost this one, he beat Rocca in a previous bout at Pittsburgh.



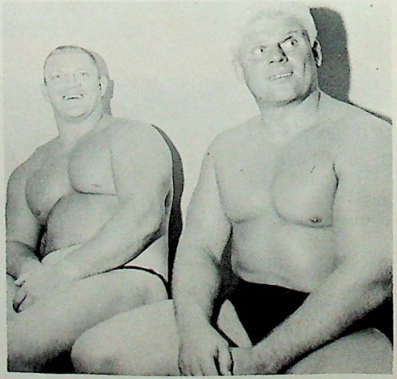


Top: His face a mass of blood, Lisowski storms across ring to get at his foe.

Crusher carefully pulls Karl Gotch's head back, thereby exposing his throat for the devastating knee-drop, Lisowski's favorite weapon.



Crusher, right, shown when he was wrestling as a team with his brother, Stan. They broke up about a year ago.



After he split up with brother Stan, Crusher, right, teamed up with the very famous Dick The Bruiser.

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

A POLL OF LEADING PROMOTERS, NEWSMEN
AND THE WRESTLERS THEMSELVES
GUIDED US IN COMPILING THESE RATINGS.

MALE

CRUSHER LISOWSKI

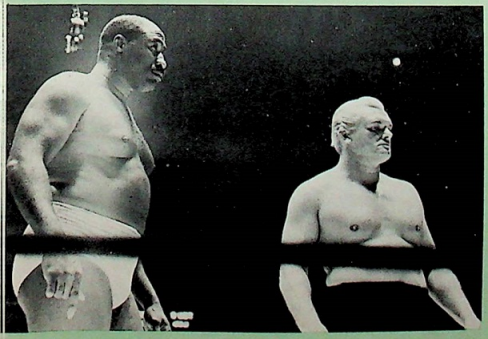
1—BUDDY ROGERS
2—VERNE GAGNE
3—ANTONINO ROCCA
4—RAY STEVENS
5—JOHNNY VALENTINE
6—EDOUARD CARPENTIER
7—FRED BLASSIE
8—PAT O'CONNOR
9—CRUSHER LISOWSKI
10—BOB ELLIS

FEMALE

LORRAINE JOHNSON

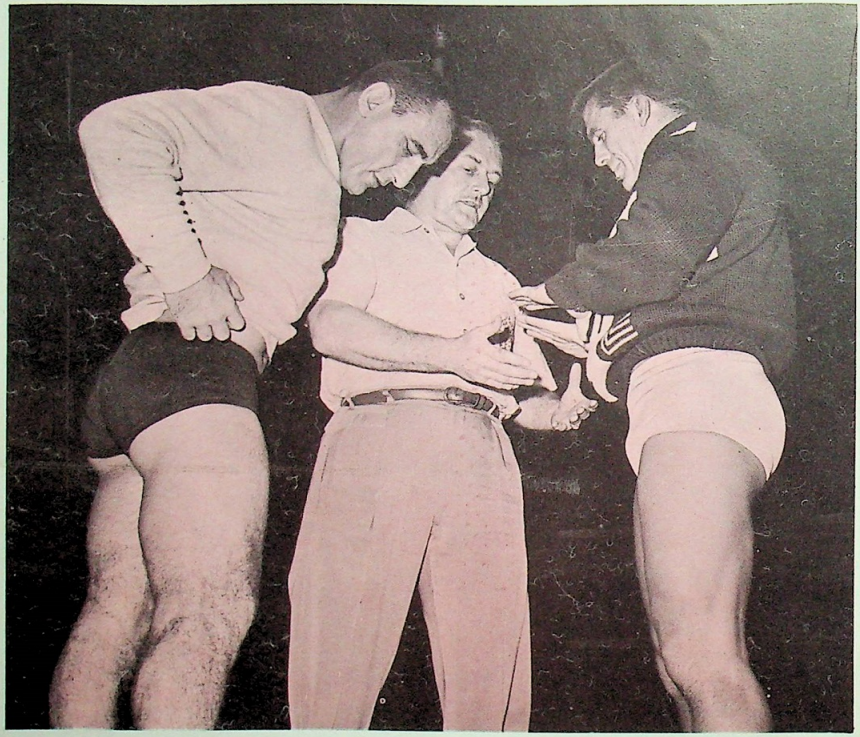
1—JUNE BYERS
2—PENNY BANNER
3—JUDY GRABLE
4—FABULOUS MOOLAH
5—LORRAINE JOHNSON
6—ROSE ROMAN
7—KATHY STARR
8—RITA CORTEZ
9—BONNIE WATSON
10—CORA COMBS

TAG TEAMS



BEARCAT WRIGHT - JOHNNY VALENTINE

1—JOHNNY VALENTINE and BOB ELLIS
2—THE KANGAROOS
3—EDDIE GRAHAM and DICK STEINBORN
4—THE GALLAGHERS
5—BEARCAT WRIGHT and JOHNNY VALENTINE
6—THE TORRES BROS.
7—THE BRUNETTI BROS.
8—BUDDY ROGERS and BOB ORTON
9—DAN HODGE and RED McKIN
10—SKULL MURPHY and BRUTE BERNARD



ROCCA vs. CARPENTIER — WHO WON?

ONE CHILLY OCTOBER evening in 1957, 8,821 people filed into the Chicago Amphitheatre to see a wrestling match. It wasn't an ordinary match, to be sure, but rather the kind of bout that captures the imagination and makes wrestling the top spectator sport in the U.S.

It paired two magic names, Antonino Rocca and Edouard Carpentier, in a finish match. The rules stated clearly that neither could be declared the winner on a disqualification.

Who will win? The question was in everybody's mind and they talked about it in business offices, pool rooms, kitchens, hospitals and schools. Could the spectacular Frenchman match the cunning, strength and experience of the great Rocca?

The advance ticket sale was tremendous and on the night of battle, scalpers easily got a ten dollar bill for a two buck balcony seat — behind a post!

Who won? We hate to keep you on edge for two whole months — until the August issue of WRESTLING REVUE — but, then, we like to make things exciting for you.

"It's a dirty trick!" you say. Perhaps. But just think of all the fun you're going to have arguing the point with your friends for the next sixty days.

See you about June 20th. •

LOTS OF MOOLAH FOR THE FABULOUS MOOLAH

QUESTION: What is Moolah? ANSWER: Money

QUESTION: What else is Moolah? ANSWER: One of the most fabulous female wrestlers who ever made a million dollars by the simple expedient of bending the bones and ripping the muscles of any and all other females who made the mistake of trying to scratch her eyes out.

QUESTION: What makes her so great? ANSWER: Herself. She had guts and determination to begin with, and after learning how to wrestle in South Africa (although born in the U.S.) she came back home with only one thing in mind — to become the best lady wrestler in the world.

QUESTION: Did she? ANSWER: A great many people think so. Her closest competition was the great June Byers, who succeeded Mildred Burke as champ. In 1956, after a rampageous tour of the country during which she annihilated everybody else from the running, she was crowned Champion.

QUESTION: Sounds like a wonderful personality. Where can we learn more about her?
ANSWER: In the **August issue of WRESTLING REVUE** will appear the complete story of Slave Girl Moolah, one of wrestling's most fascinating stars. Learn how this fabulus girl made the most of her looks, brains and talent to rise to the top of the toughest profession known to women — or men.

Another fascinating WRESTLING REVUE EXCLUSIVE!

Moolah as she looks today.

THE CASE

Gagne poses with momentoes of his sensational athletic career. Photo was taken in Verne's magnificent Minnesota home in what he fondly calls "My trophy room."

FOR VERNE GAGNE

BY HAL HENNESEY

A condition that has been smoldering for many years is fast coming to a head. For the good of wrestling, it should be settled immediately.

WHENEVER THE BIG CONTROVERSIES come up, WRESTLING REVUE tries to face them squarely; it's one of the things we're most proud of. As our loyal readers know, we discussed, in our very first issue three years ago, such touchy subjects as "A Genuine Champion" and "Wrestling – Is It a Sport or a Show?" The articles are still being widely quoted and are, in a way, classics of wrestling's literature.

Now the stickiest subject of all has come up again and we can't ignore it. Unlike most gremlins, it just won't go away. We're talking of course, about this subject of a genuine champion – is there one for real and who is he?

Generally, when someone brings up the question we simply say that we go along with the National Wrestling Alliance in their choice of a champion – not that they're necessarily right, but because they're the only organized body with the remotest qualifications for giving "teeth" to the champion matter. And WR has long been of the opinion that without a nationally organized body, no group or area can call their favorite wrestler the "world champion". It's ridiculous and, worse still, it insults the fans' intelligence.

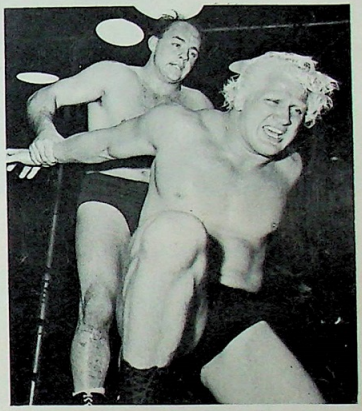
We feel this way very strongly – about ninety percent so. Now, where does that ten percent of doubt come in? Why don't we stand up and beat our editorial chest and say, "We're right – 100 percent right! Buddy Rogers is the rightful world champion because he beat Pat O'Connor, who was the champion because the NWA said so!"

Why don't we do that? Because there is one man, and one man only, in all this world, who may have enough claim on the "world title" to make Rogers' championship a little shaky at the foundations.

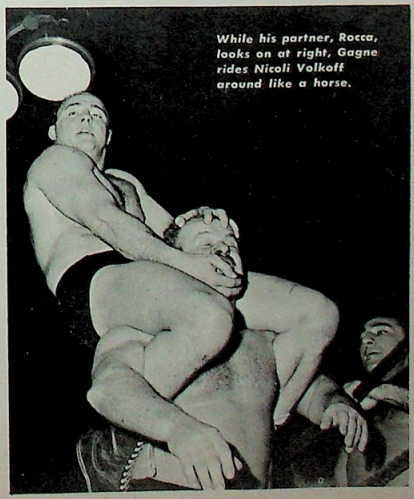
His name is Verne Gagne. He is one of the two or three finest wrestlers alive, possibly the very best.

Understand, however, that in discussing the so-called world champion heavyweight wrestler, no one is naive enough to suppose that we are also discussing the **best** wrestler in the world. He may **be**, but because of the wishy-washy and whacky situation prevailing, there's no way to prove it. We just know that the current champion is a darn good wrestler himself. Even in boxing, few champions at any given time have been the very best fighters in their divisions.

So we're not discussing who's best here. We're discussing who has the **right to call himself World Champion.** Because so many thousands of fans have written to us about Verne Gagne and his



Gagne renders big Stan Lisowski helpless by simply holding his arms behind his back.



While his partner, Rocca, looks on at right, Gagne rides Nicoli Volkoff around like a horse.

Left: Crusher and Stan Lisowski refuse to accept Gagne's outstretched hand before start of Chicago bout in 1958. Above: Stan Lisowski is knocked out by Verne's famous Sleeper hold. Stan was out for about five minutes.

claim to the title, we're stating his case. And we're not taking sides – we're simply out to see justice done.

To begin with, simply by writing the name "Gagne" on a scrap of paper, you've written a mighty big chapter in wrestling. For the name of this handsome Midwestern gentleman is one of the most important ever to be scrawled across that Big Mat which spans the heavens and includes all the great stars of the past and present. It's not too many light years from Gotch to Gagne, and not simply because their names are similar if you look at them quickly. Both, in this world of loose superlatives, deserve the title of Great.

Two years ago we wrote of Gagne like this – and we see no reason to try and improve the description: "Words like finesse, magic, rapier-swift, masterful, even delicacy, find their way into a description of Gagne's skill. It is generally agreed that not since the days of Earl Caddock has a wrestler displayed such consummate science and knowledge of the sport." Caddock held sway forty years ago – just three years after Gotch. Now you know what we – and all students of the game – think of Verne Gagne.

How did he get that way? How did one man manage to become endowed with so many ideal qualities – qualities any one of which, in another person, would make him outstanding? For Gagne is the perfect sportsman, an incomparable athlete, a man of even disposition, highly intelligent, wealthy, self-confident without being vain, and is respected as a man of incalculable courage.

He was born with the basis of all of it. Heredity, good breeding, a normal environment of love and understanding – all of these things laid the foundation that, as Verne himself built upon it, became a towering skyscraper of a rich personality. Early in his wrestling career he married a charming ex-airline hostess named Mary Marxen, who brought him two children and the kind of family life that helps make the Complete Man.

Since those early days – during the late forties – when he erupted like an unguided missile out of the Midwest to wreck all amateur and professional opposition for five straight years, Verne has earned close to, if not more than, a million dollars. He has saved much of it, invested more and made it pay off in the kind of life most men can only dream about. But there is no envy in the heart of any man for Gagne – they know he earned and deserves whatever he gets from the tree of life.

Here is what Lou Thesz, his early contemporary, says of Verne: "I didn't think I'd have much trouble with him, but he fooled me. He looks small, but actually he's stronger than most big men. His smooth muscles are very deceiving. And does he know how to wrestle! He has the best timing and leverage of any man I ever met. And as for guts, Gagne will die before he quits. He's also very smart, fast and aggressive. If there are any better contenders around, I just hope I have a good night when I meet them in the ring."

Thesz made these remarks while he was champion, and just after Gagne had held him to a draw in a title match on October 27, 1951. Since that time, none of the so-called champions has risked putting his title on the line against Gagne. The reason, according to Minnesota promoters and fans, is because the National Wrestling Alliance is afraid to have it's valuable championship carried off to Minnesota, a state that is not an NWA member.

Considering the fact that many lesser wrestlers have had shots at the title since 1951 – some of them even winning it – it seems a crime (the pro-Gagne argument continues) that the best of them all is virtually exiled, supported not only by his home territory in his claims, but by many thousands of knowledgable fans around the country.

Each year – many times each year – against every NWA champion as he mounts the throne, Verne Gagne issues his routine challenge: "I'll wrestle you anywhere, anytime, for the title." And each time he is ignored. Even the admittedly great Lou Thesz "couldn't fit him into my schedule", though Lou wrestled hundreds of inferior wrestlers.

Therefore, in 1960, a group of Minnesota businessmen, under the leadership of Minneapolis promoter Wally Karbo, banded together in an effort to halt the injustice. They agreed to recognize Gagne champion if the then recognized NWA champion, Pat O'Connor, didn't meet Verne by the summer of that year. Naturally, Pat didn't – and so wrestling added another title claimant to a growing list.

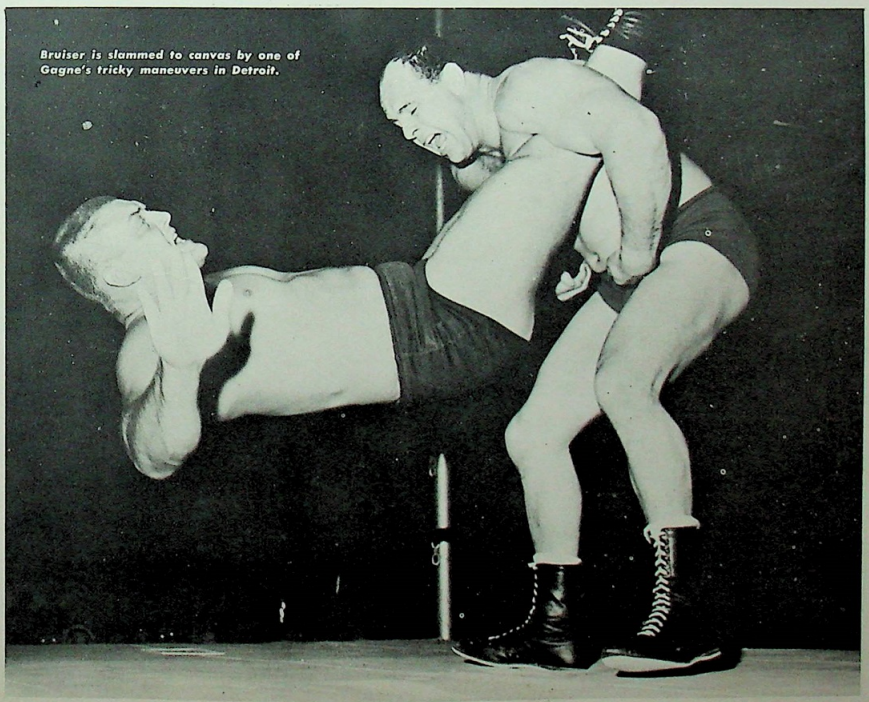
Except that this one was a worthy claimant indeed!

Since establishing himself as a "one-tenth" champion, Verne has successfully met and conquered such worthy challengers as Gene Kiniski, The Bruiser, Bob Geigel, Stan Kowalski and Hard-Boiled Haggerty He has dodged no one and obviously fears no one. Including the reigning champion.

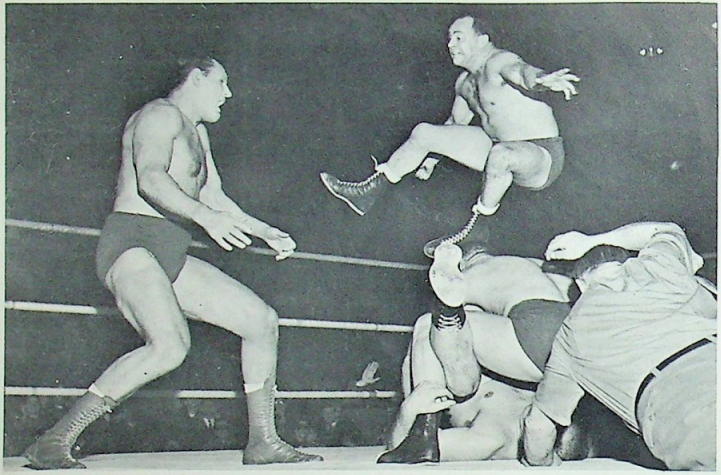
Gagne's last genuine title was that of Junior Heavyweight Champion back in 1951. This was two years after he signed for his first professional match in 1949. Three years earlier he had headed the great University of Minnesota team, winning a score of trophies and convincing promoter Tony Stecher that he would make a fine pro.

From the beginning of his career, Gagne has frowned upon all efforts to make a "showboater" out of him. He is all science – **pure** science. In this day of gimmicks and gadgetry, it doesn't seem possible that Gagne could be the big draw he is, or that his reputation would last. Yet he has never discarded his principles or style, and strictly on the strength of expert wrestling, has overcome all opposition. Except the opposition to his efforts to get a title shot.

He is extremely outspoken in an age where to be outspoken is to be considered a "radical" or even worse. More than once he has publicly frowned on wrestling's "clowns". At the same time he has said, " . . . the extra challenge in professional wrestling keeps up an unending interest. For no matter how scientific you are, you must also please the crowd.



Bruiser is slammed to canvas by one of Gagne's tricky maneuvers in Detroit.



While his partner Ed Carpentier is pinned to mat by Fred Atkins, Gagne leaps over them to get at Atkins' partner, Killer Kowalski, during wild match in Montreal three years ago.

Happy familyman Gagne plays with his children shortly before bed time. One of the reasons Verne restricts his activity to the Minnesota area is to be with his family.

After all, they pay to see professional, not amateur, wrestling – so that's what you give them."

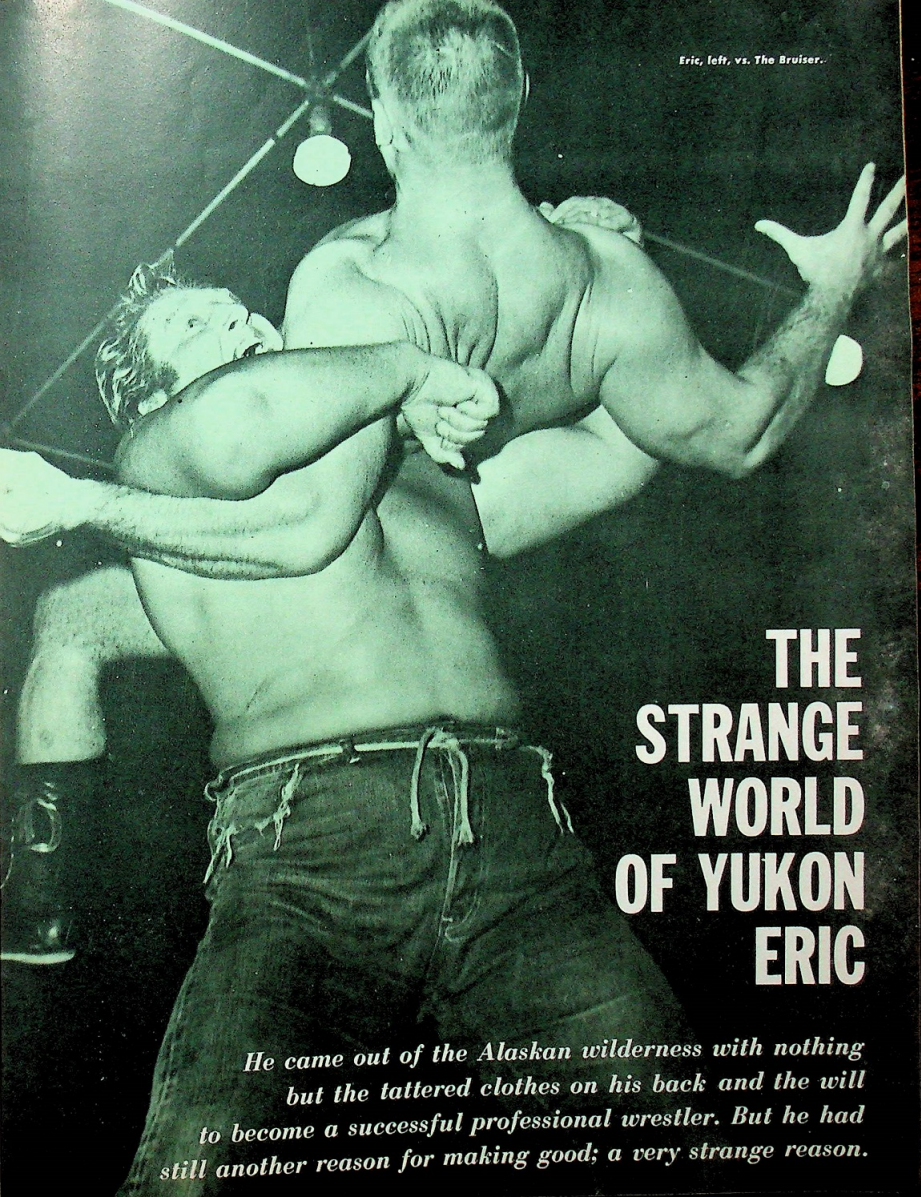
Going further with this theme, Gagne corrects some of the statements attributed to him by the opposition. "Whenever somebody makes a controversial statement to the press, it's sure to be twisted around. Just because a man says there are clowns in today's wrestling, that doesn't mean all modern wrestlers are clowns. Every profession has its good and bad performers. It would be ridiculous to say that everyone in wrestling is perfect. But neither are they all bad or incompetent. A big percentage of our wrestlers are very good. Show me a better group than you'd find in Bob Geigel, Lu Kim, Buddy Rogers, Pat O'Connor, Ed Carpentier and Dick Hutton. Any of these fellows would have given the old-time greats a hard time – and licked most of them too!

"It isn't that today's wrestlers are inferior – it's just that the tastes of wrestling fans have changed. If the public suddenly turned around and decided they wanted things the way they were back in the days of Gotch – well, most of our wrestlers would quickly fit themselves into that pattern. They'd quit the showboating and get down to hard business."

This doesn't sound very radical to us. It's just the opinion of a straightforward man with the courage of his convictions. He sure isn't rapping wrestling or his fellow wrestlers; he's merely stating the facts.

Listen to how he finishes: "Let's face it, although I'd like to see this happen – a return to

(*continued on page* 62)



Eric, left, vs. The Bruiser.

THE STRANGE WORLD OF YUKON ERIC

He came out of the Alaskan wilderness with nothing but the tattered clothes on his back and the will to become a successful professional wrestler. But he had still another reason for making good; a very strange reason.

MAYBE THEY WERE just a couple of lost and frightened fishermen – maybe they were the advance scouts for an invasion of foreign agents. Either way, they landed on a remote beach above Nome, Alaska, a few years ago, and if they hadn't met Yukon Eric, there's no telling what might have happened. Maybe World War III!

At any rate, this small, storm-tossed fishing boat anchored fifty yards off the barren beach and sent a dinghy ashore with two men in it. They hit the shore and jumped out. At this point, Alaska isn't much to look at; the shore is grim and forbidding, and the sky is usually grey above a white-capped sea. Here the Bering Strait is less than 100 miles wide. The closest land is Siberia, which is part of Russia.

Turning shoreward, the two seamen faced America. Also, they faced an American. And what a shocking sight it must have been! For there, on the desolate stretch of beach, with no human habitation within a hundred miles, stood one of the most amazing physical specimens in the world. Nearly six and a half feet tall and weighing at least 300 pounds, the man stood, with hands on hips, staring at the visitors. He wore only a pair of tattered blue jeans. In the below-freezing temperature of the wild Siberian wind, the big man's chest and feet were bare. And what a chest! – it measured well over 55 inches.

Now he stared hard at the two "fishermen." "I saw you fellows coming in," he said in a deceptively soft voice. "You're not Americans, are you?" There was no malice in his steely blue eyes, just curiosity.

One of the men replied in broken English, "No, we are Canadians – fishermen. A big storm pushed us too far north." The intruder looked at the giant standing before him while carefully considering his next words. "We understand there is a Coast Guard station nearby. We wish to go there – can you tell us which way it is?"

The big man knew, first of all, that this was not a Canadian boat. It was too small to have strayed so far from home. Anyway, it would have had to pass through the Aleutians to get where it was, and without flying a guest American flag from its stern, it was automatically breaking the law. Furthermore, the bare-chested giant knew a Russian accent when he heard it.

He said, "Sure, there's a Coast Guard station just two miles down the coast; I'm going there myself; I'll ride in your boat." He started toward the men.

Hastily, they backed away. "No, no, my friend!" They piled into their dinghy, fast. "We are not going there just yet – first we must repair our engines. It will take a long time. Thank you!"

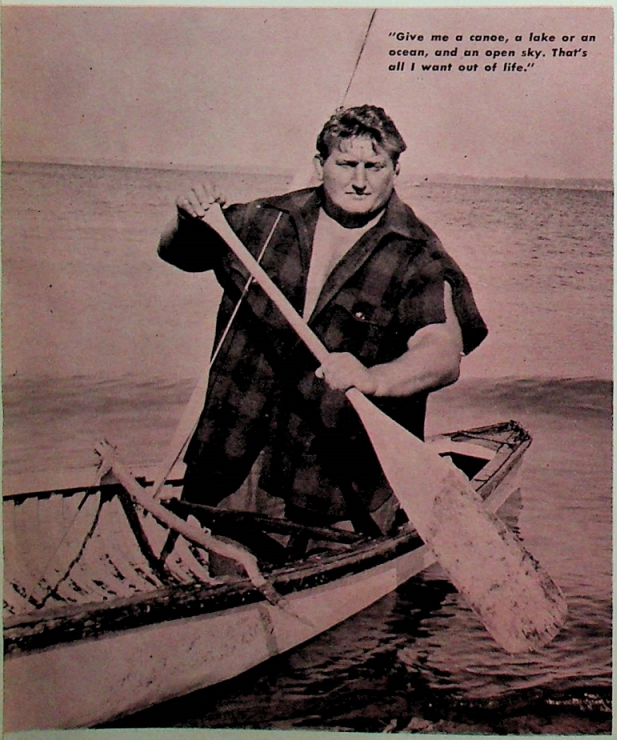
The giant hesitated, then made up his mind. "Maybe you better come back to the village with me!" He took a quick step toward them. Quickly, the visitors shoved off into the rolling surf. Rowing lustily, they managed to stay ahead of the giant American, who strode into the icy seas up to his waist. When last he saw them, their boat was a tiny black speck far out on the western horizon . . . headed in the general direction of Russia.

Back at the small Eskimo village a mile inshore, Eric Holmbach spoke with the chief and the elders of the tribe. "What do you think?" he asked.

"I think," the chief said, "that we will keep a better watch on the beach from now on. It is too bad there is no Coast Guard station within a hundred miles of here."

"Yes, it is," said Holmbach.

A SELECTED REPRINT FROM BOXING ILLUSTRATED



"Give me a canoe, a lake or an ocean, and an open sky. That's all I want out of life."

"Now I must leave you. I'm starting my Alaska tour next week. I'll be working in Nome, Anchorage, Fairbanks and Juneau."

"Farewell, my son," said the Chief. "We always enjoy your visits. Even though your father was a white man, we feel that you are one of us."

Eric Holmbach walked back to the beach. From a cache amid the snow-covered laurel saplings he pulled a canvas kayak and paddle. Launching it in the surf, he began paddling southward toward Nome. He was still clad only in blue jeans, despite the raw spring wind that cast spray over his massively muscled body as his 20-inch arms made the small craft fairly leap from the water.

As he paddled, he kept asking himself, "I wonder if they really were fishermen?" He would never know.

Three nights later, amid thundering applause that nearly shattered the staunch timbers of the auditorium in Nome, Yukon Eric defeated an opponent who, after a fierce wrestling match, was removed to the local hospital for observation and bone-setting. It was the beginning of the most triumphal wrestling tour north of the 60th parallel.

Yukon Eric had come home.

If any wrestler now active can be called a Legend in his own time, it is Eric Holmbach. He was born a child of nature and hasn't changed in the thirty-five years since. In a way, Eric's is a tragic story. In another way, it's a refreshingly happy one. Yet Yukon Eric's kind of happiness is never far from tears. The perfect illustration of this paradox was told by wrestler Ted Lewin who once toured Canada with Eric.

Ted, who had been talking about his own exciting career, went suddenly quiet when discussing Eric. It was as though he had entered a church in the midst of telling a risqué story. "I'll tell you about Yukon Eric," he said softly. "I know him as well as anyone does — if you can really know Eric, that is. There was the time we were traveling someplace in Manitoba, in his new powder-blue Caddie. In the back seat were Eric's two little German shepherd pups, Flim and Flam.

"After a few hours Eric stopped to let the pups run around in the snow. They ran the wrong way — out onto a swift stream covered with ice. We both hollered for them to come back, but they were chasing rabbit tracks or something and — well. The ice in the stream broke and both dogs fell through and into the freezing-cold water.

"Without hesitating, Eric dashed out onto the ice and threw himself flat. He skidded on his belly to within a few yards of the open water where the pups were splashing around and whining pitifully. They were having a terrible time keeping from being swept under the ice and down stream."

Here Ted Lewin paused to gaze into space. It's as though he still couldn't quite believe what he was about to say, even though he saw it happen. "I'll never forget that sight — Eric crawling toward the dogs and the ice cracking up all around him. If he ever fell through he'd be carried away under the ice and drowned. Even as I shouted for him to come back, he reached out and collared one of the pups. It was Flam. The little female, Flim, was trying to swim over to Eric and be saved too, but the current was too much for her. She gave a pitiful little bark and vanished under the ice. Eric, holding the one pup, shouted something and beat at the ice with his fists. But the pup was gone . . . And, for the moment, I thought he was about to follow her. As for me, I've never felt so helpless in my life. If I joined Eric, our combined weight — 500 pounds — would have broken the ice for sure. All I could do was hope he'd get back alive.

"Finally realizing that his pup was gone, Eric inched backward on the ice till I could grab his feet. He got up and turned to me, holding the shivering little dog against his huge chest to keep it warm." Ted's voice turned soft and tender. "He was crying. That big, tough hulk of a man was crying without shame. Maybe some people would call Eric a damn fool for risking his life for a dog. Me, I think he was a wonderful hero."

Heroic is the word for Yukon Eric. His proportions are those of a Norse Viking, and he has at least one heroic thought every day. Talking with the big man, as we recently did, is a joyous experience. The chances are good that Eric Holmbach of Alaska has never really been angry — at anyone in his life. It is this fact that has probably kept him from becoming champion of the world. There is no doubt but that if his fantastic strength were to be coupled with a killer instinct, Eric would be unbeatable.

"Give me a bow and some arrows and let me live off the land. It has always been a wonder to me how people live in cities."

But he can't get mad! "It was that way when I was a lumberjack," he says in that strange, soft voice. "Back around Fairbanks, Alaska, where I was born, I grew up in the wilderness. The only way I could earn my living was as a lumberjack. It was a boring life. What I wanted to do most was to be alone in the woods. But having to work interfered with what I wanted. To break the monotony I began wrestling in camp after work. I got pretty good, mostly because I was bigger and stronger than the others. After a while another camp challenged the champion of my camp to a match. The losing camp would buy the drinks next payday.

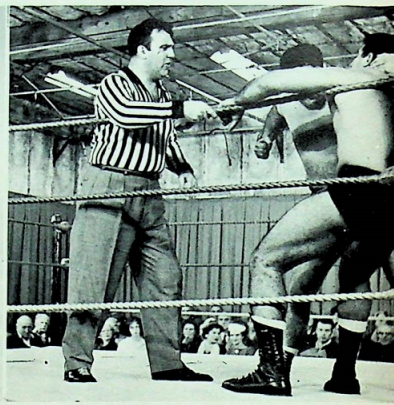
Our gang boss made it known that I was only 15 years old. Naturally, this caused the betting odds to be against me.

"So I met the rival champ on his own ground one night — and when I walked into the mess hall where the bout was to be held,

(*continued on page* 52)

Lanza as he looked in 1957.

Lanza as the Hooded Terror, 1960.



Lanza the wrestling referee, 1961.

Tony Lanza is all of these and more . . .

THE MANY FACES OF

WHEN ANTONIO LANZA was a boy in Montreal, his Italian father asked him the time-honored question: "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Without hesitation, teenager Tony answered, "A boxer, a wrestler and a strong man in the circus." The elder Lanza shook his head and started to tell Tony that a man should pick one job and stick to it – become good in it. But his son wasn't quite through. "I'd also like to be a photographer and maybe run a gymnasium on the side."

The discussion ended then and there. It wasn't resumed until twenty-five years later. That was when Tony Lanza's father cut out a newspaper clipping and pasted it on the last page of a scrapbook. The book was now full. Fondly, he turned to the first page. The yellowed headline read, "Young Tony Lanza Star of Amateur Boxing Show." The next page, its dateline just prior to World War II, was headed, "Lanza wins laurels as photographer."

Slowly, as the old man thumbed through the well-kept scrapbook, the life of his son unfolded before him and the father re-lived some of the wonderful moments he had shared with his strapping son. It had been a good life. Proudly, Mr. Lanza reflected that young Tony had not only fulfilled the boyish ambition he had set for himself so long ago, but had gone far beyond those wild young dreams.

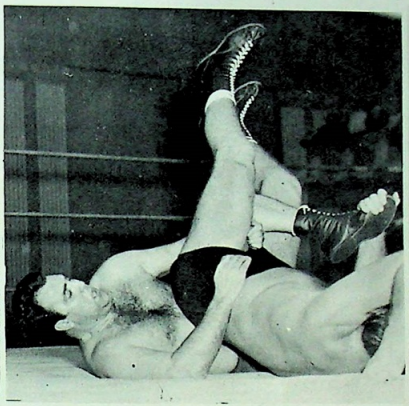
The hours passed, and so did the years. . . .

Once his decision was made, Tony Lanza didn't waste any time. Having decided to become a boxer, he became one – at the age of 12. Husky for his age, he made mincemeat out of the other featherweights around Northeastern Canada, and great things were predicted for him in the prize ring. No one doubts but that he might eventually have become a heavyweight contender – even champion – if Love Number Two hadn't interfered.

He was seventeen when he figured he was heavy enough to start his wrestling career. He did well at this sport also; he even had dreams of combining boxing with wrestling. However, it is well known that no successful fighter can – at the same time – be a successful wrestler. The two sports require complete devotion to one or the other, due to the

Showman, Teacher, Physical Culturist—

Lanza the photographer, 1961.



Lanza the wrestler, left, wins bout in Quebec, 1961.

Lanza as The Gorilla, 1962.

much more, as this intimate close-up reveals . . .

TONY LANZA

BY GEORGE SALVADOR

fact that the muscles of the body are used differently in each.

But Tony came close before he realized that wrestling was his favorite. He dropped boxing. But he didn't drop photography. In this exacting field, young Tony had practiced diligently during his spare time, as an amateur. He began to sell his pictures almost at once, partly because he knew that, in this age of specialization, he had to become tops at just one phase of the photographic art. He chose to photograph male physiques. The reason was quite valid. He had already opened up his gymnasium – lifelong ambition number four – and the subject material was always on hand. "You don't spend ten hours a day in a gym and on the wrestling mat – and then go out looking for a steam locomotive to photograph!" says Tony.

"The war interfered with my career – all of my careers – for awhile," Lanza recalls, "– but everybody else was in the same boat. I don't feel I lost any time. As a matter of fact, since I became a military policeman, I learned a lot about judo and hand-to-hand combat, which helped me later when I resumed my wrestling career."

The career was resumed as soon as he returned from overseas. But here he made a mistake – one of his few mistakes. He tried to resume his boxing career. It didn't work out. Tony, who has a well-developed sense of humor, grins, "I wanted to box very badly – and that's how I boxed – very badly!"

But he wrestled very well. By 1950 he was recognized as one of the leading wrestling personalities in Canada. Then, one winter evening, it came to an abrupt end.

It's a long drive from Montreal to Quebec City, and when the roads are icy, it's a dangerous trip. Because of the fast-paced life he leads, Tony Lanza is a fast driver. Good, but fast. On this particular winter evening he was a little too fast. The early darkness had fallen and visibility through the driving snow was nil. Tony skidded on a tight turn. There was an instant of helplessness, then a grinding, terrifying crash. And then – the darkness, for Tony Lanza, became complete.

Later, the doctors agreed that, "– Only a man in the best physical shape could have possibly sur-

At a social gathering in Montreal, Lanza, right, poses with famed Canadian wrestler Yvon Robert, center, and veteran Montreal promoter Eddie Quinn.

vived that terrible impact. As it was, Tony was lucky he only broke his back."

Well, guys with broken backs can't very well make a living at the world's toughest occupation. It looked like Tony Lanza's wrestling career was over for good. But you can still snap the shutter of your camera, the doctors told him.

Lanza is a philosopher. "So," he said to his father, "I will become the world's best photographer."

How close did he come to this out-of-the-world goal?

Very close! Later that year, he teamed up with Steve (Mr. America, Mr. Universe, Mr. Everything) Reeves – who was to become a highly successful movie star, – to produce some of the greatest physique photos ever taken. Tony was named "World's Best Physique Photographer."

He has been earning his title ever since. But he has done far more than that. For in 1955 Lanza realized that one job wasn't enough for him. He had too much talent, too much energy. So he opened a school for wrestlers in Montreal. There, although he himself could not wrestle, he spent a great deal of time training wrestlers and discovering new talent. He combined this activity with his photography for the next five years. Meanwhile, as his strength increased, he worked out more and more with his pupils.

One day, about a year ago, Tony was teaching one of his pupils, a powerful young giant, how to execute a body slam. During the course of the lesson, Tony's enthusiasm got the better of him. He picked up the 230-pound youngster and slammed him to the mat with a terrific crash. Not until a few minutes later did Lanza realize what he had done. "My God!" he muttered, "– I picked this guy up and it didn't hurt my back at all!"

As we said, once Lanza makes a decision, he puts it into action. His mind was made up at once. Recently, after a year's rigorous training, Tony returned to the wrestling wars, armed with loads of ambition and pent-up spirits. He went on a tour, notably to California, where he was an instant hit. "I got more of a kick out of **returning** to wrestling than I did when I first turned pro," was Tony's comment.

Of course, the full life for Tony Lanza includes marriage and a family. "I don't say that a bachelor is only half a man," Tony says, "because some of my best friends are bachelors. But I think they're missing out on one of the greatest privileges – **duties** – of a man; that is, to marry a fine girl and raise a family."

Margo, Tony's "fine girl", has been a part of his life since the end of the war, when he married her. A girl, 16, and a boy, 13, are equally important parts. Despite his full schedule, they all live an ideally happy life in a modest home in Montreal.

It was at this home, about a year ago, that Tony's flair for showmanship first came to the fore. One morning, the milkman made his usual morning delivery at the small house on Bordeaux Street. At his knock, the back door opened. "Here's your milk, Mr. Lan – !"

The milkman froze as solid as the freezer in his truck. He stared goggle-eyed at the apparition that stood in the doorway. A full-grown, scowling gorilla!

Milk bottles flew in all directions. A scream was cut off in the poor peddler's throat, and his face turned milky white.

Alarmed, Tony Lanza removed the headpiece of his gorilla costume and eventually managed to calm the milkman's nerves. "He went home right away after turning the route over to a substitute,"

Tony rates this remarkable shot of Little Beaver, right, and Sky Low Low as the best picture he has ever taken.

says Tony. "I didn't think I'd made my costume so realistic."

But he had. It was an example of how thorough Lanza goes into anything he attempts. He had made the costume himself from a bearskin and other materials. There are only two other gorilla costumes in the entire world that match Tony's gorilla in realism. Both are owned by Hollywood studios and have been seen in countless movies.

On certain occasions, Lanza goes into the ring billed as, simply, "The Gorilla." So clever is his costume, that many people hon-

When Tony tried to take Bull Curry's picture, the enraged Bull lunged at Lanza and sent his $400 camera flying. Luckily a policeman caught it before it hit the cement floor. Later, in the dressing room, Lanza got into a brawl with Curry.

estly believe it is a real gorilla and some even streak for the exits in stark terror.

Of course such bouts are pure exhibition and Tony's so-called opponents are actually acrobats, not wrestlers. They leap at the "gorilla," who growls and gives them a little extra boost in mid-air which sends them flying through space. Actually it is the acrobats own momentum which catapults them rather than the strength of the "Gorilla."

Tony's fee for a "Gorilla" appearance is $250. And he gets it. Even those who hire him get a strange chill when they see the terrifyingly real gorilla advancing upon them. But for Tony Lanza, who believes in mixing fun with his work, it's a kind of relaxation. It is also another of the many faces of Tony Lanza.

At 39, Tony is at the height of his powers. At an age when most men in athletic pursuits are slowing down or have long since retired, Lanza is just starting. His popularity is greater than ever; his skill as a photographer has not reached its limits; and the gorilla bit is just a sample of what he can do in the realm of show biz. "I believe in the full life, yes – but," confesses Tony, "– my life is only half filled. In another forty years or so, I may fulfill all of my ambitions."

Pop Lanza closed the last page of the scrapbook upon which was inscribed, "Tony Lanza – his life." He smiled softly and said to himself, "Tomorrow, I must go out and buy another scrapbook. A bigger one, this time. Because my Tony's life is only half over. And what a wonderful life it has been."

Chances are, knowing Tony Lanza, the second half will be even more wonderful. •

"In the woods I feel close to God. I can hear His voice whispering through the trees. I am very contented."

(*continued from page* 47)

those guys nearly died—especially their champion. I weighed about 270 then. It turned out to be a tough match, even though I won. It was tough because he kept fouling me and I couldn't get mad at him! After a while I got him in a headlock and almost squeezed his brains out."

After that the pressure was on Eric to turn professional. But he waited a few more years, meanwhile getting even bigger and stronger.

He was not quite a man, legally, when he became so bored with lumberjacking that he quit lumberjacking and headed south. It was time, he decided to make some big money at the only thing he could do well. "I didn't figure to stay in the wrestling business very long," Eric says. "Just long enough to get a grub stake so that I could go back to the woods and climb the mountains without having to worry about working."

It was in mid-December, 1950, that he walked into the office of promoter Ed Don George in Buffalo, New York. Clad only in the picturesque attire which was to become his trademark—blue jeans and a faded flannel shirt held closed at the waist by one button — Eric asked for a job.

George took one look at the monster before him — at his tanned, bearded visage, his bare feet with the soles of leatherlike skin. "I don't care whether you can wrestle or not," the promoter gasped. "At least, not for awhile, I don't care. For the next week. I want you to just walk up and down the streets. Just walk up and down, that's all," George said as dollar signs flashed through his mind.

And Eric walked. Not since P. T. Barnum brought Jumbo to America had any pachyderm attracted so much attention. Then George billed young Eric Holmbach as "Yukon Eric" and booked on the next Buffalo wrestling show.

Eric won handily, of course. But more than winning was the honesty of this simple-hearted giant, the integrity in his smiling face, which sealed him forever in the hearts of the crowd. He was instantly established as a genuine hero; a living symbol of righteousness.

It has been that way ever since. Yukon Eric, because of ponderous strength, has won 98 percent of his matches. In addition, he has clinched his claim to being something more than a mere strong man by studying and learning his craft. Exceptionally fast for so massive a man, Eric has a remarkable knowledge of wrestling's fine points.

But he still can't get really mad at anyone.

"What about Killer Kowalski?" we asked, pointing to Eric's mutilated left ear. In that ghastly incident, half his ear was kicked off by Kowalski's knee-drop.

Eric's broad features darken for an instant, then he shrugged his great shoulders. "I think he may have done it on purpose. Still, I get paid to take risks. Well paid! I have no right to be bitter. How can I get mad at somebody who takes the same risks?"

Those are the words of a generous man — a big man in more ways than one.

How does he feel about having to stay in civilization, with only rare visits to his beloved wilderness? The interviewer was thinking about Eric's wife, Eileen, and little Rita, who is just starting school.

"Sure," said the giant, amiably, but with a touch of sadness in his voice, "the family has kept me from doing what I want to do. Still, when you exchange one good thing for another, you make peace with yourself. I still manage to get into the outdoors once in a while, especially when I'm working around the West or Far North. It helps. And, who knows? — when I retire I'll still be young. I'll buy a place near Toronto, Eileen's home, and with a small plane I'll be close to the second greatest wilderness in North America. The family knows how I feel — they won't interfere.

Right now the Holmbachs live in a vast luxurious trailer, which is parked in the region where Eric happens to be wrestling. With Rita going to school, this may all have to be changed, although Eileen doesn't seem to mind their nomadic existence. Anyone who would choose to spend her life with Yukon Eric has to take a broader view of life than the mere ups and downs of daily living.

"I have to keep telling myself," Eileen says, "that I married more than a man. I married a legend — a public hero. It has been the greatest experience of my life."

It is understandable. Just talking to Eric for an hour is an experience in itself. An experience that we would like to have more often. Somehow, after talking to the man, you feel cleaner, better, than you did before.

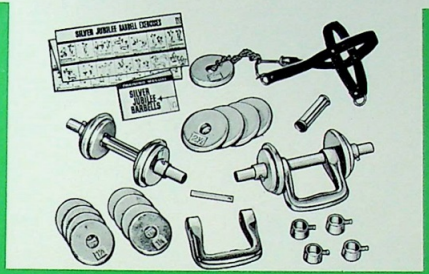
Nowadays, Eric's only worry is civilization. He hates big cities with their gasoline fumes and subways and all that goes to make up the daily lives of most of us. Someday, he knows, he'll get away from cities for good. It will be a happy day for him. But it will be a sad day for civilization, because civilization needs the freshness Yukon Eric generates. •

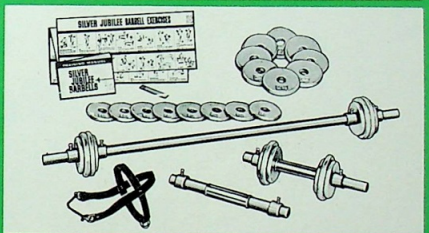
He has the physique she can't resist—Do You?

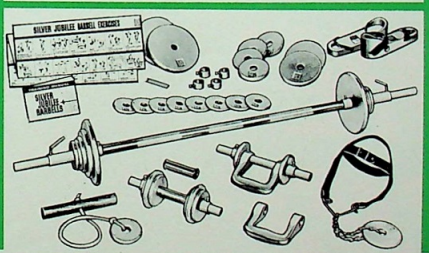
BUILD THE IDEAL BODY IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME...

THE BARBELL EQUIPMENT
Offered By
BETTER HEALTH INSTITUTE
was perfected after years of painstaking research and is considered by many to be the finest available anywhere. Remember, BETTER HEALTH INSTITUTE is your guarantee of the best.

DO YOU HAVE THE PHYSIQUE SHE CAN'T RESIST? IF NOT, CONSIDER THIS: The quickest and surest way to build a magnificent, healthy, eye-catching body is with a controlled method of weight training. Now you can use the same exclusive **BETTER HEALTH INSTITUTE** system and equipment many world famous athletes have been using for years to develop their superb bodies. The results will amaze you. Not only will your whole general appearance improve beyond your fondest dreams, but you'll feel like a new man, with boundless energy at your command and a new zest for living.







ORDER THE SET THAT BEST FITS YOUR NEEDS, START TRAINING AND THRILL TO THE AMAZING RESULTS.

BASIC SET—26 PIECES

1. Two 14-inch solid steel bars. 2. Two revolving dumbbell sleeves. 3. Four small collars. 4. Four 2½-pound plates. 5. Eight 1¼-pound plates. 6. Two kettlebell handles. 7. One multi-purpose headstrap. 8. One collar wrench. 9. One Wall Chart. 10. One Silver Jubilee Training Manual.

$16.95

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL SET 32 PIECES

1. One 4-foot solid steel bar. 2. Eight small collars. 3. Eight 2½-pound plates. 4. Eight 1¼-pound plates. 5. Two 12-inch solid steel dumbbell bars. 6. Two revolving dumbbell sleeves. 7. One collar wrench. 8. One headstrap. 9. One Wall Chart. 10. One Silver Jubilee Training Manual.

$23.95

COMPLETE PROFESSIONAL SET 49 PIECES

1. One 5-foot solid steel bar. 2. One knurled revolving sleeve. 3. Ten small collars. 4. Two long collars. 5. Two 10-pound plates. 6. Two 5-pound plates. 7. Four 2½-pound plates. 8. Eight 1¼-pound plates. 9. Two 14-inch dumbbell bars. 10. Two revolving dumbbell sleeves. 11. Two kettlebell handles. 12. One multi-purpose headstrap. 13. One wrist roller. 14. One collar wrench. 15. One pair iron health boots. 16. One Wall Chart. 17. One Silver Jubilee Training Manual.

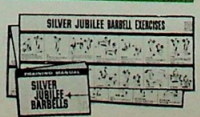
$39.95

Our Reputation is based on Top Quality and Prompt Delivery

The Quickest, Surest Way to Build a Magnificent, Muscular Body is with BETTER HEALTH INSTITUTE *Silver Jubilee* BARBELLS

WEIGHT TRAINING IS NOT RESTRICTED TO ANY AGE GROUP, NOR IS IT EFFECTIVE FOR ONLY THOSE WHO WANT TO BUILD HERCULEAN BODIES. The middle-aged man, for example will discover that training with weights quickly turns ugly, useless fatty tissue into effective muscle. The well-conditioned man feels years younger and does his job more efficiently than the man who allows his body to remain dormant. The young teenager will find weight training invaluable for building the solid foundation that will determine his appearance and possibly even his success in later life. Yes, for men from eight to eighty, nothing does it like proper training with weights.

FREE WITH EVERY SET: Our famous, easy to follow **WALL CHART** that shows you how to get the most out of your equipment... plus a specially-prepared **TRAINING MANUAL —A $5.00 Value FREE!**



Mail Your Order NOW!

BETTER HEALTH INSTITUTE 31 Union Square West — Room 501
New York 3, New York

Please send me the BARBELL SET checked below. I enclose payment in full.

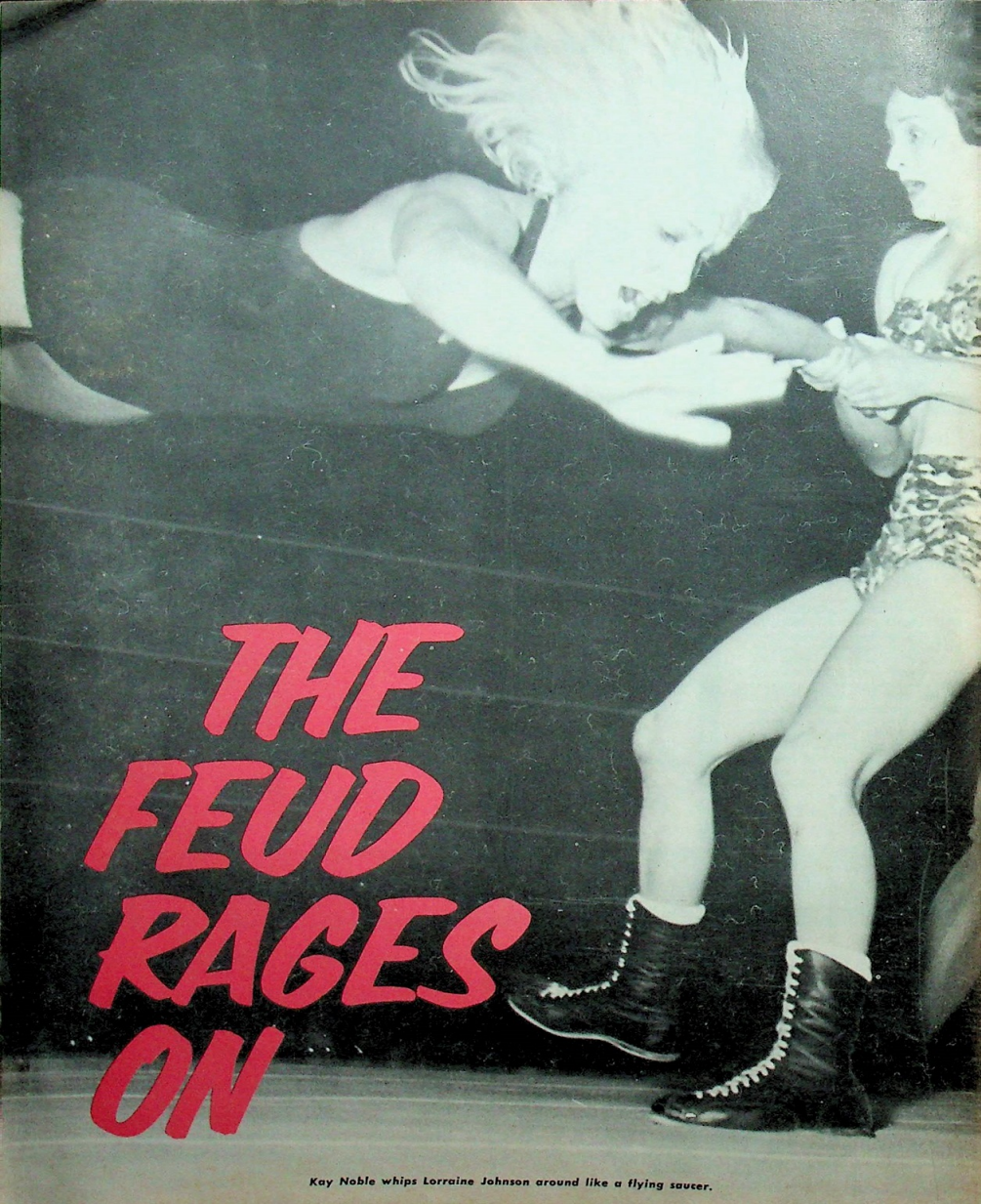
- ☐ BASIC SET $16.95
- ☐ SEMI-PROFESSIONAL SET $23.95
- ☐ COMPLETE PROFESSIONAL SET $39.95

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

For immediate delivery make payment with money order. No C.O.D. orders
ALL PRICES F.O.B. PENNSYLVANIA FOUNDRY.
Offer good in United States ONLY.



THE FEUD RAGES ON

Kay Noble whips Lorraine Johnson around like a flying saucer.

A BITTER RIVALRY WHICH BEGAN FOUR YEARS AGO SEEMS TO GET HOTTER AND HOTTER EVERY TIME LORRAINE JOHNSON AND KAY NOBLE STEP INTO THE RING

"YOUTH WILL BE SERVED!"

Balk Estes, the Indianapolis promoter, said it just after young Kay Noble, the 20-year-old phemale phenom from St. Joseph, Missouri, had trounced the veteran (31) Lorraine Johnson in one of the Midwest's most bruising matches of recent years. They were still scraping the remains of Johnson's dignity from the canvas when the attractive Miss Noble, still huffing and puffing, talked to this reporter in her dressing room. (For propriety's sake, Estes and the dressing room stewardess were there too.)

Kay leaned back against her locker door and gazed straight ahead. She ignored the purpling bruise on her curvaceous cheekbone and the ugly mat burns on her shoulder, hiding the pain with a beatific smile. She explained the reason for the smile: "Beating Johnson is the greatest thrill of my life. The only thing I'd like better would be to beat June Byers!"

What amounts to a feud has been going on between Red Wing, Minnesota's, blonde battler, Lorraine Johnson, and the Noble-est Missourian for four years. It started when both girls were entered in the National Woman's Tourney at Waterloo, Iowa, back in 1958. At that time Kay Noble was a one-year rookie and had nothing to her credit but a 17-year-old physique that was perfectly suited for her dangerous profession, plus a well-tested pluck which suited that body.

As for Lorraine Johnson, she brought to the Tourney almost ten years of experience and a fabulous record of victories against the world's leading lady wrestlers. She beat Kay, of course, but only after an aggressively-fought match. But in a return explosion set off before 4,000 delirious fans in Kay's home town of St. Joseph, the youngster decisively defeated Johnson. Since then these two wildcats have clawed at one another 25 times, with the honors about even.

So violent do their bouts get that they usually end with a disqualification for either one or both. Referees hate to work their matches, since they themselves are in constant peril of being hurt. For no extra pay.

As Bill Shevelson, an ex-wrestler and working referee who has officiated at more than one of the Noble-Johnson forays, puts it, "Most times a couple of dames will concentrate on one another, period. Not these two! If I try to get between them to prevent a foul — or loss of life, even —

Johnson throws all her strength into try for a pin. But the referee insisted that she got the hold through foul tactics and disallowed the fall.

Noble sets to catapult Johnson into ring post.

Once again Lorraine is caught in the whip and flipped into the corner.

The dynamic Noble, who was the crowd's favorite, is about to send her weight crashing down on Johnson's right leg.

they turn on me as though I had insulted them or something. I never saw two such nice girls become wild beasts before!"

The strange part of it is that Shevelson is right – both Kay and Lorraine are wonderful girls outside the ring. But that's about all they have in common. The ten-years difference in their ages could be one factor in the case – although Johnson has wrestled other youngsters without showing any special rancor ("With other young kids I'm just my usual self," grins Johnson, "– but this Noble dame does something to me. Something bad.")

The noble Noble says, "I think it all started with that first bout in Iowa. Johnson roughed me up a lot, unnecessarily, I thought, in her determination to win the title. As it turned out, she was beaten in the finals by Ada Ash. So the next time we met, in the Fall, I poured on a little extra fire – and beat her. That made her so mad she tore at me in our next bout – like a tigress. She got herself disqualified. Since then it's been a three-year battle royal. I hear she's a nice person in her private life, but that doesn't make me like her any better. Do unto others, I always say."

As a result, Kay and Lorraine have done unto one another the most fearful damage that can be crammed into a couple dozen wrestling bouts. There have been broken toes, fingers, elbow chips, near loss of eyes, split sternums and slipped discs shared by these two catamounts, and they still cry for more!

Noble is 5-7 and weighs a solid 135. She has the whipcord type of muscle rather than the bulky heft of some lady wrestlers. She looks more like a swimmer.

Johnson has a similar physique, having engaged in pretty much the same sports as her younger rival. She was always good at tennis and would have turned pro any time her wrestling proved disastrous. It never did. On the contrary, she has earned at least $25,000 a year for several years – top pay for girls.

But like the other contenders, Lorraine covets the $75,000 yearly that goes with the World Championship, now held – and for so long – by the great June Byers. In 1958, Lorraine made a vow that she would win the title in 1959 or 1960 – or she would give up trying. It was all spoken in the heat of emotion, so nobody paid much attention. And since this is 1962, and since Miss Johnson is still rated among the top contenders –

Anyway, at the moment nobody is betting on how the Noble-Johnson thing will turn out. As promoter Estes said, "Youth will be served," voicing an old truism, but, "How else can you put it?" he asks. "Look, just about every heavyweight boxing champion who was ever beaten was done in by a younger, stronger man who might not have had a chance if both had met in their prime. That's the hell of growing old – sooner or later you're going to get taken. Unless you're smart enough to quit while you're ahead. And that's a tough thing to do when the money's rolling in.

(*continued on page 58*)

DEC. 1958
THE KANGAROOS
PAUL ANDERSON
WRESTLING NIGHT AT THE GARDEN
FAN CLUB LISTING

JULY 1960
DON EAGLE
WHIPPER WATSON
GIRL MIDGETS
GENE KINISKI
ROY SHIRES

JAN. 1961
JOHN PAUL HENNING
SAMMY BERG
DAN HODGE
ALMA MILLS
DICK GARZA

AUG. 1961
YUKON ERIC
HAYSTACKS CALHOUN
MIGUEL PEREZ
NICK BOCKWINKLE
BRUISER
NELL STEWART

FEB. 1959
CHIEF BIG HEART
PENNY BANNER
KARL VON HESS
RAY MORGAN
HAYSTACKS CALHOUN
FAN CLUB LISTING

AUG. 1960
THE GALLAGHERS
ROSE ROMAN
GEORGE DRAKE
DUKE KEOMAKA
BOBBY MANAGOFF
DICK BEYER

FEB. 1961
DICK HUTTON
MR. KLEEN
SONNY MEYERS
DREADED CLAW HOLD
PENNY BANNER
GORY GUERRERO

SEPT. 1961
ROGERS-O'CONNOR (TITLE BOUT)
MONROE BROTHERS
FRED BLASSIE
ED CARPENTIER

MAR. 1959
GRAHAM BROTHERS
DON CURTIS AND MARK LEWIN
ZEBRA KID
WOMEN AT WAR
THE SLEEPER HOLD

SEPT. 1960
TIM GEOHAGEN
KATHY STARR
ED CARPENTIER
ALI BEY
SAMMY FORD
JIM GRABMIRE

MAR. 1961
COWBOY CARLSON
CRUSHER LISOWSKI
CORA COMBS
LORD BLEARS

OCT. 1961
BASTEIN BREAKUP
OPEN LETTER TO BUDDY ROGERS
ACE FREEMAN

APR. 1959
JOHNNY VALENTINE
THE SHEIK
FAN CLUB LISTING
PENNY BANNER
WHAT WRESTLERS LIKE TO EAT

OCT. 1960
KILLER KOWALSKI
BUDDY ROGERS
JOHNNY ROUGEAU
BRUNO SAMMARTINO
SPECIAL PHOTOS

APR. 1961
BILLY DARNELL
MILLIE STAFFORD
GEORGE BECKER
SANDY SCOTT
PRIMO CARNERA
VARCHON BROTHERS
LISTENING POST

NOV. 1961
RAY STEVENS
BOB ELLIS
JOHNNY VALENTINE
THE VON BRUNNERS

MAY 1959
GENE STANLEE
LARRY HAMILTON
HAPPY HUMPHREY
BOB ELLIS
GIRLS

NOV. 1960
DON CURTIS AND MARK LEWIN
THE KANGAROOS
MAT SPECTACULAR
KAROL KRAUSER
THE BRUISER

JUNE 1961
JUDY GLOVER
LORRAINE JOHNSON
BULL CURRY
DANNY McSHANE
FRED ATKINS
DICK STEINBORN
ANGELO POFFO

DEC. 1961
FRED BLASSIE VS. H. CALHOUN
HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY
LILLY BITTER WRESTLER'S BALL GAME

JUNE 1959
BUDDY ROGERS AT HOME
DON LEO JONATHAN
JUNE BYERS VS. LORRAINE JOHNSON
OMAYA KATO
HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY
FRANK TOWNSEND

DEC. 1960
HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY
MUD WRESTLING
BULL CURRY
ELLA WALDEK

JULY 1961
THE BASTEINS
CARLO MILANO (PREVIEW)
BUDDY ROGERS VS. PAT O'CONNOR
VERNE GAGNE
JOHNNY GILBERT

JAN. 1962
JOE BLANCHARD
WHY HEROES?
WHY VILLAINS?
LISTENING POST
MURDEROUS HOLDS

AUG. 1959
PEPPER GOMEZ
BILLY WOLFE'S NEW GIRLS
SWEET DADDY SIKI
KILLER KOWALSKI
FUZZY CUPID

WRESTLING FANS!

Don't Miss The Greatest Wrestling Stories Of All Time Which Appeared In These BACK ISSUES Of

BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS

Only 50¢ Per Copy

THE SUPPLY IS LIMITED — SO ORDER NOW!

FEB. 1962
TONY MARINO
TEENAGERS LOOK AT WRESTLING
MIDGETS
BULLDOG BROWER

SEPT. 1959
ED CARPENTIER
RICKI STARR
ENRIQUE TORRES

MAR. 1962
LARRY HAMILTON
JOHNNY VALENTINE
LISTENING POST
CHET WALLICK
WILBUR SNYDER
BOBBY MANAGOFF

DEC. 1958 ☐	MAY 1959 ☐	JULY 1960 ☐	NOV. 1960 ☐	MAR. 1961 ☐	AUG. 1961 ☐	DEC. 1961 ☐
FEB. 1959 ☐	JUNE 1959 ☐	AUG. 1960 ☐	DEC. 1960 ☐	APR. 1961 ☐	SEPT. 1961 ☐	JAN. 1962 ☐
MAR. 1959 ☐	AUG. 1959 ☐	SEPT. 1960 ☐	JAN. 1961 ☐	JUNE 1961 ☐	OCT. 1961 ☐	FEB. 1962 ☐
APR. 1959 ☐	SEPT. 1959 ☐	OCT. 1960 ☐	FEB. 1961 ☐	JULY 1961 ☐	NOV. 1961 ☐	MAR. 1962 ☐

Check issues desired, enclose fifty cents (50c) for EACH issue, and send to:

BACK ISSUE DEPT.
BOX 384,
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I., NEW YORK

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

(*continued from page 56*)

"So I think that if those two girls wrestle often enough and long enough, the younger one will have to prove her superiority. Maybe, when both were at their best, Noble might never have defeated Johnson – but who can tell? It's how it turns out eventually that counts."

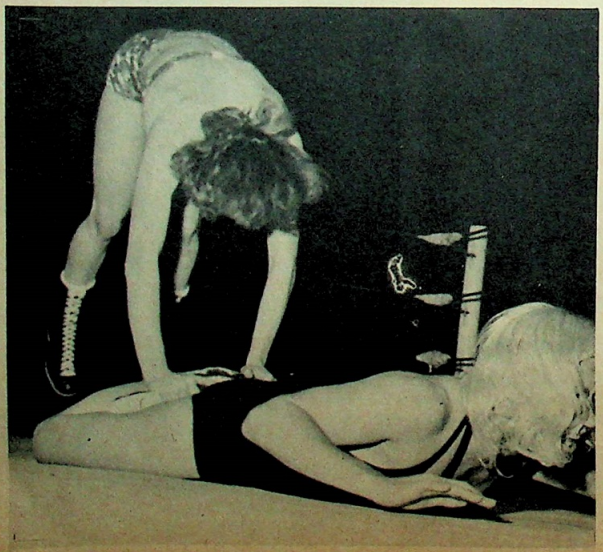
To this, Johnson smirks, "That little puppy dog will never get the edge on me! She won the last time because I couldn't control my temper. But next time we meet I'll use science, strictly – and I'll prove to the fans that I'm her superior. I'll make an exhibition out of it – an exhibition of the finest wrestling ever seen!" Her eyes flash when she says this; obviously she is already losing her temper even before the match begins. That's how it usually is during a feud. Fine resolutions go out the window.

It may be that Johnson is, at last, slowing down. Possibly she wants to settle down and raise a family. But maybe not. Maybe the Noble-Johnson feud will go on for years to come, with no clear-cut winner.

The fans hope so. Regardless of their personal likes and dislikes, the girls make it a red-letter, red-blooded day for any town lucky enough to book them for one of their pulchritudinous, hair-pulling punting contests.

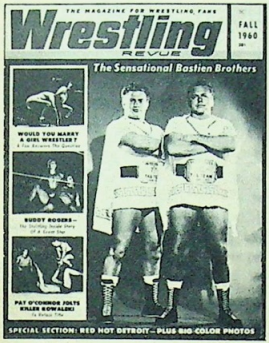
We hope so too. Catch their next free-for-all on TV or in person and you'll see why Kay Noble and Lorraine Johnson make our job so interesting. ●

Noble looks like an Olympic hurdler as she glides gracefully over Johnson after the latter dropped to canvas to avoid being hit with body tackle.



Again Noble goes to work on Johnson's hurt right leg. That leg was one of Kay's prime targets throughout the furious match.

Special For Collectors



We have just been fortunate enough to receive a few hundred copies of the

FALL 1960 ISSUE OF Wrestling REVUE ●

THIS, as most of our readers know, is a rare collector's item which has brought as much as five dollars per copy in recent months.

IF YOU are missing this issue from your collection of WRESTLING REVUES here is your opportunity to fill the gap.

Only $1.00 Per Copy

WHILE THEY LAST!

OFFER GOOD UNTIL MAY 15, 1962

Please send me a copy of the Fall/1960 issue of Wrestling Revue.
I enclose $1.00 as payment in full.
BACK ISSUE DEPT.
Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

BACK ISSUES OF WRESTLING REVUE

STILL AVAILABLE

SPRING/1961 ▲

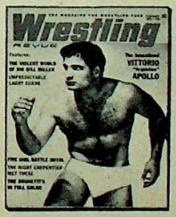
▲ FALL/1961

ONLY 50c EACH

Supplies are limited, so order NOW!

▲ DECEMBER/1961

SUMMER/1961 ▲



▲ FEBRUARY/1962

Please send me the back issue(s) checked below. Find enclosed fifty cents for each issue.

☐ SPRING/1961 ☐ SUMMER/1961 ☐ FALL/1961
☐ DECEMBER/1961 ☐ FEBRUARY/1962

Send to: WRESTLING REVUE, Back Issue Dept.,
Box 384
Rockville Centre, L. I., New York

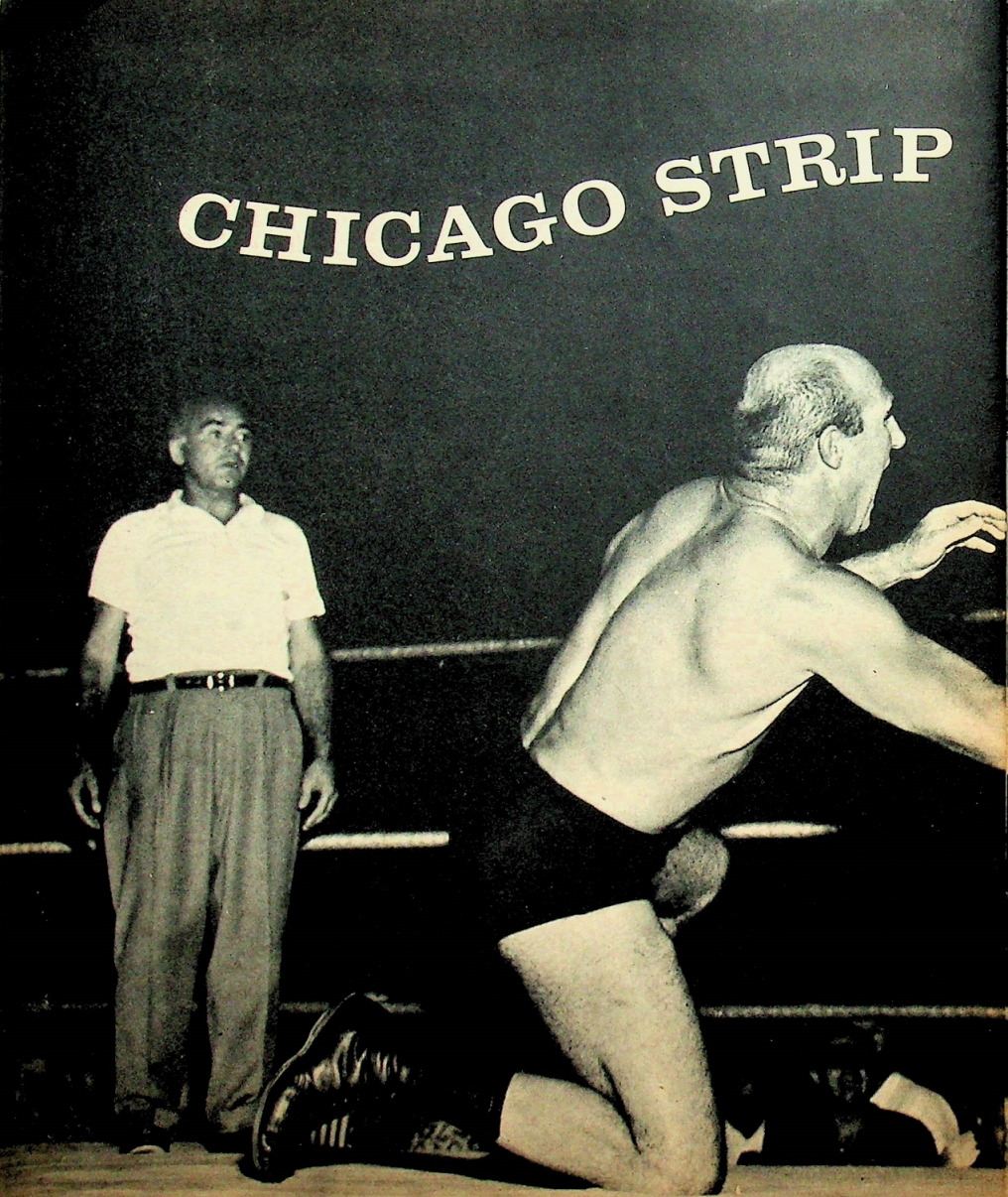
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

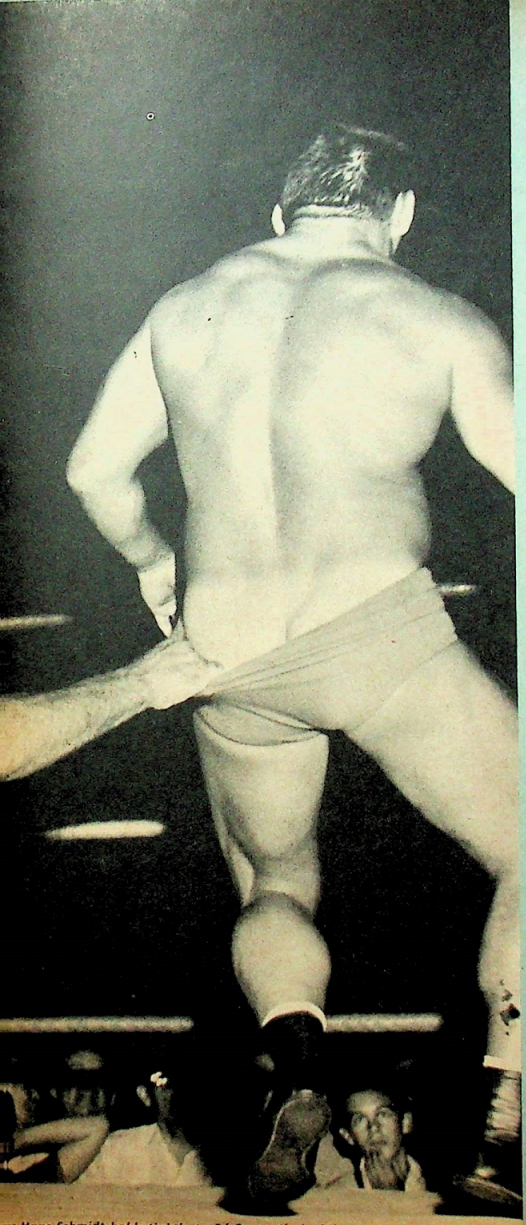
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

Offer good in U.S. & Possessions and Canada

CHICAGO STRIP



Fans gasp in amazement — and anticipation —



...s Hans Schmidt holds tightly to Ed Carpentier's tights.

SOMETIME AGO we ran a picture showing Killer Kowalski stripping Pat O'Connor of his wrestling togs. We received a load of mail as a result. Most of it was appreciative. "Hilarious!" were some of the comments. "A look at wrestlers with their hair down!" "Refreshing!"

But a few strait-laced fans didn't approve. "Vulgar!" they ranted. "Even if such things happen, you shouldn't print them!"

Our attitude is that anything that happens in wrestling, especially when it happens in front of thousands of people, is *part* of wrestling, and hence deserves to be seen.

Well, it happened again. Appropriately enough, it happened in Chicago, a city famous for "The Gay Life." The villain this time was Hans Schmidt, and the stripper was Ed Carpentier. During a rapid-fire moment of their main bout at the Amphitheatre, Hans reached out as Carpentier was ducking away, and seized him — by the pants. The inevitable took place — as our picture shows.

The whole point here is that this was not a premeditated act to gain attention or headlines. It was just something that occurred during a hotly contested match. After all, wrestlers' trunks are not welded to their bodies. It is vulgar or indecent only if the mind of the viewer tends in that direction!

So — we again publish what we sincerely believe to be a humorous and — well, "cute" — picture. The incident it portrays will happen again, as long as wrestlers wear removable trunks. And, if our photographer is alert enough to capture the gleeful moment forever on film —

— As we said, anything that happens in wrestling deserves to be seen. And you'll always see it on these pages. That we promise.

GAGNE

(*continued from page* 44)

the days of Gotch-type wrestling – it's only my personal desire. But I know it won't happen. You can't take a step forward and then two backward in either entertainment or war. Nevertheless – I think a big proportion of the fans still like and enjoy fine wrestling – straight wrestling – and although it's almost shock when they see it nowadays, they always show their appreciation and come back for more. I'm not saying they'd like **all** wrestling to be that way, but now and then, when it happens, it's a pleasant change of pace for them. It will never die out completely."

The proof of what he says is in the figures. On August 5, 1956, sixteen thousand paid $33,689 to see Gagne wrestle in a Milwaukee ball park. This was the third largest outdoor gate in U. S. mat history. The record 1956 Chicago crowd – 9,522 – paid $25,908 for the same privilege. The next year, the New York **Journal-American** reported, "Eighth Avenue traffic was disorganized for blocks around Madison Square Garden as the biggest Garden crowd in 25 years stormed the place." And so on.

Nowadays, with many relaxing and money-making enterprises going for him in Minneapolis, together with his fine family, Verne Gagne is living a relatively normal, well-adjusted life. To be close to his family, he travels little, yet wrestles regularly within driving distance of home. The fans throng to see him as always, and always he is announced as The World Champion.

Verne Gagne doesn't need the championship, and he admits it. He needs no additional honors to assure his solid place as one of wrestling's all-time greats.

And yet he sincerely loves wrestling as do few others. He continues to wrestle even though he doesn't need the money. And in the heart of such a sportsman there is always a small corner of emptiness unless he has achieved the utmost of which he is capable. In the ring, Verne cannot better his previous efforts. Yet, due to circumstances which he and his many fans feel are unfair, he has been deprived of the one goal he knows he deserves, the world title – the **genuine** world title.

It is time he got his chance to complete his exemplary career. For it will not be really finished until he is allowed to wrestle for the championship.

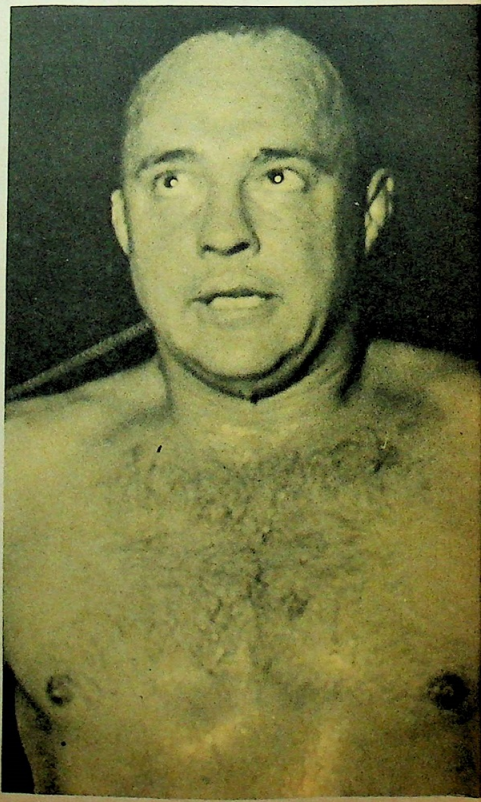
That, then, is the argument of the pro-Gagne faction. We have been hearing it for two years. In a recent issue of BOXING ILLUSTRATED, our sister magazine, we wrote that Buddy Rogers – whom we recognize as Champion – must prove his right to the title by wrestling the six leading challengers and claimants to the title. We finished with a strong request for Rogers to wrestle Gagne.

Thus far we have not had any answer, public or private, from champion Rogers. Therefore, WR is going a step further. Feeling that there is strong merit in Gagne's argument, we are going to make another plea to Buddy Rogers. In person! We are going to talk to him and try to convince him that his one chance to win universal acclaim and complete recognition as Champion of the World is to meet Verne Gagne, with his title on the line.

We hope he responds like a sportsman. Like the gentleman and the sportsman that Verne Gagne is. If he does, the wrestling public can look forward to one of the greatest matches in history. And wrestling can look forward to what could be the dawn of a new era – an era of genuine champions. It will regain the dignity it once had as the king of sports.

Wrestling deserves this chance. And Verne Gagne deserves his, too. ●

Flash of anger covers Gagne's face after he was kicked out of the ring by Killer Kowalski. Moments after this photo was taken, Kowalski was outside and Verne was inside.



EDDIE GRAHAM

(*continued from page* 38)

After coming off second best in a furious exchange, Eddie is asked by referee if he can continue. "Yeah," he growled.

and nudged me with his toe! Words couldn't have showed his contempt more eloquently.

Then he nonchalantly stooped down, brushed my chest off with the back of his hand — and pinned me. And that, fans, was that.

It wasn't quite over. I still had more suffering to do. Mental suffering. Because Gorgeous George doesn't let his victims rest easy once he finishes with them. Oh, no. As I lay there, trying to get to my feet and flopping about like a fish on a pier, George had his valet brush him off and spray perfume on him. Then he put on his white satin robe and stalked around the ring, shaking hands and signing autographs. *He* was doing what I'd been sure I was going to do! And he made the most of his triumph.

At last I was able to sit up. Only later did somebody tell me what happened. I didn't even know the bout was over. Blinded with blood, with one eye swollen shut and my mouth torn, I was told that I looked like an accident victim — one that had gone through the windshield.

I groped around for George. I wanted to cripple him. *I still thought I could beat him.*

They say that's when I proved I had the guts to be a good wrestler. I don't know about that — it was all instinct, but I hope they're right. I only know they helped me downstairs and into the dressing room. There I found I wasn't blinded for life and no bones had been broken. Just a few torn ligaments and some raw bruises.

When I finally got cleaned up and could see and think again, I went over to my locker and started to dress. It was then that Gorgeous George, dressed and ready to leave, came over to me. He didn't have a mark on him. And he was smiling. He looked down at me for a moment and I couldn't tell what he was thinking. I thought to myself, if he's going to gloat over me, I'll finish the fight right here and now — and it'll be a fight to the finish this time.

George said, and I swear his voice was actually tender — as though he were a father talking to a favorite son he'd had to spank for his own good, "I'm really sorry, kid — but it had to be this way, you know. If I've taught you anything tonight, let me know, someday. I mean it. And if I haven't — well, you won't have to tell me. I'll know. Good luck."

He slapped me on the shoulder and walked out.

I almost bawled. Not so much because of what he said, but because he *had* taught me something. He had shown me that I wasn't the hotshot I'd thought I was, that I still had a lot to learn. But what was more important, it didn't matter. *I knew I was good enough to learn.*

That was five years ago. I've learned a lot since then. I've learned most of the things I only thought I knew that night in Amarillo. But I think the proof of the fact that I've grown up, at last, is this: I know I still have more to learn. I always will.

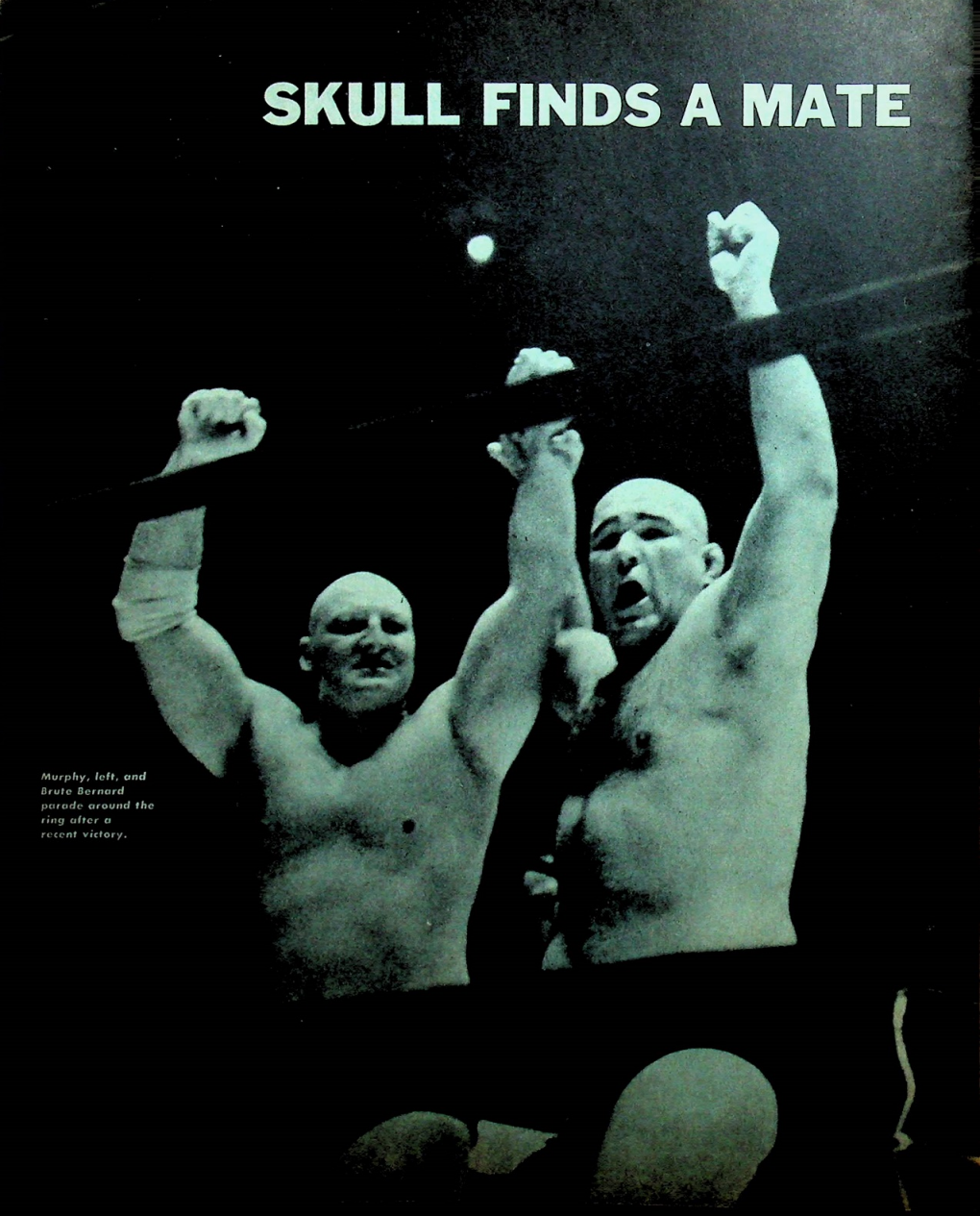
Let me finish this with a personal note:

Hello, George, wherever you are. If you read this — if you've read what I've said so far — you'll know I don't have to say any more. You'll know that you taught me something that night, and you know how important it is to me. So, look — if you ever get down around here to Tampa, and you have time, why not drop in and visit me and the family? We'll take you for a boat ride in the Little Mike and do some skin diving. You'll have a great time, I promise.

Maybe we'll do a little wrestling.

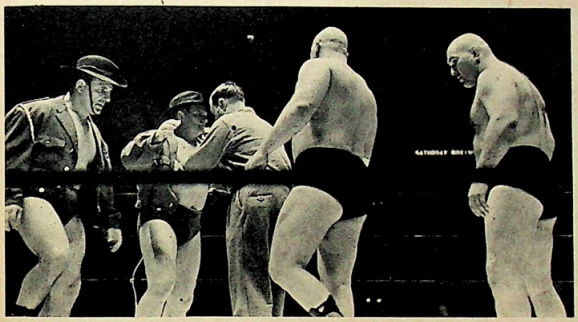
And, George. Thanks. Thanks a million. ●

SKULL FINDS A MATE



Murphy, left, and Brute Bernard parade around the ring after a recent victory.

For years, Skull Murphy searched for the perfect partner. But nobody seemed able to please him. Then one night in Detroit not long ago he saw something which impressed him greatly and resulted in the birth of a savage new tag team. **BY GEORGE SMITH**



Referee checks the Fabulous Kangaroos before the tough Australians faced the new team in New York City. Note how Bernard, right, carefully watches Murphy.

The Brute anxiously waits his turn to get into the ring to help Skull.

"IT WAS THE WINTER of discontent," wrote Thomas Paine a longish time ago, and, "These are the times that try men's souls." Meaning that things were tough all over.

But, for wrestlers and their fans, never have things been tougher than now – and never was there a more discontented winter. Cuba is going bad, Africa is in a turmoil and Algeria is hopeless – yes, all true. But what about the situation here in the U. S.? How bad is it?

Terrible!

No, we're not talking about politics or the space race – we're talking about the latest disaster that has befallen wrestling. Here are the frightening details, told here for the first time:

It started, actually, six years ago when a human depth charge named Skull Murphy decided he would like to form a tag team. For years Murphy – sometimes known as the "One-Man Gang," or the "Bald Vulture" – had wrestled solo, building himself a reputation as one of the sport's most fearsome men. Murphy needs no introduction, having made himself known from Coast to Coast, leaving a bloody trail behind him. He tried one partner after another, including some very tough men. None of them worked out. "I wanted someone as tough, as mean and as vicious as I am," he snarled. "Several were okay in their own right, but when it came down to the wire, they showed signs of weakness that I couldn't stand."

The most recent Murphy amalagamation that turned sour was his teaming with Germany's Karl Von Hess, truly one of wrestling's all-time great villains. The transplanted Nazi joined Murphy about a year ago, as reported in this magazine. We thought it would stick because it seemed that, for the first time, Murphy had found someone as vile as himself.

"Our partnership ended when Hess cracked a joke," admitted Skull in one of his rare interviews. "One day he said he was going to write a check for the United Jewish Appeal. He was kidding, of course, but I figured that anyone who could even **think** that way – whether joking or not – had no business in the ring with me. We parted friends."

Murphy just about gave up his hope of finding a suitable tag team partner. For several months he again wrestled solo, adding to his reputation as a one-man wrecking crew. Then one great day – great for Murphy, but a black day for wrestling – he was booked to wrestle in Detroit. The auto town is noted for many things, but lately it has capped its fame as the home of The Brute. When Jim "The Brute" Bernard appeared in the ring, something stirred within Skull Murphy's barrel chest. And when Bernard all but killed his opponent, Murphy "– Had a feeling that this was it! Brute was cold, brutal, unfeeling – the kind of guy I'd been searching for so long."

Skull felt that Bernard had it all right – in the ring. But he wasn't about to take on a new tag team partner until he was sure it would work out. "I had to give him the supreme test," said Murphy. "He had to prove he was as tough as I am! And

there was only one way to prove it."

The following week Skull Murphy put into action a diabolical plan that could have resulted in tragedy. Maybe, in the long run, it will. Bernard was wrestling again, this time in Flint, Michigan. Shortly before Brute was to go on, Murphy strode into the dressing room. Most of the wrestlers had left by that time. Murphy had two of them — fellow villains — stationed outside the door, which he locked from the inside.

Walking up to Bernard, who had been slowly working himself into a rage against humanity, which he does before every bout, Murphy accused the Brute of being a phony. "One of these days I'm going to get into the ring with you and prove it!" Skull growled.

Bernard takes this kind of stuff from no man, not even Skull Murphy. He shouted, "Why wait till we get in the ring? I'll cram those words down your throat right now!"

And, just as Murphy had planned it, Bernard swung at him.

Then began what was probably the greatest dressing room battle in history. The few other wrestlers present knew better than to interfere. They stood silently against the wall, moving only to protect themselves. One of them later described it as the bloodiest impromptu match he had ever seen. "If they ever fought like that in the ring, a lot of people would faint."

Bernard gave as good as he took, and for several minutes it seemed that the two huge men — both weigh 250 — would kill one another. Finally, Bernard, realizing he had to go into the ring shortly, resolved to end the fight. Going berserk, he seized a metal gym locker, yanked it loose from the floor and raised it high overhead. He intended to smash it onto Murphy's bald head. The chances are good that not even Murphy could have survived that.

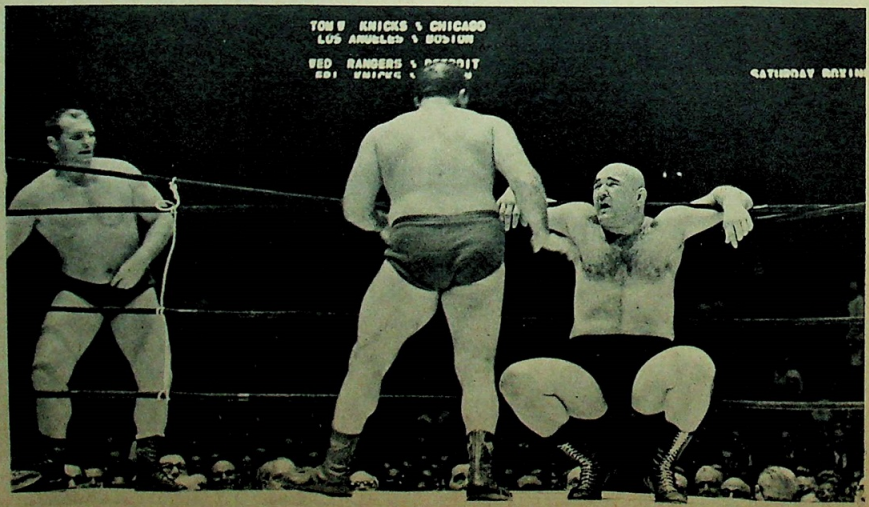
But Skull suddenly smiled. He stepped back, his arms spread defenselessly. "That's enough, Jim — I've had it!"

Bernard stood there staring at the grinning Skull. He blinked. Convinced at last that the danger was over, the wild light in his eyes died out. He lowered the locker, and the other wrestlers all breathed a sigh of relief.

And then Murphy told Bernard his plan. "It's taken me a long time to find the right man," he said, "but you're it! I want to team up with you."

They talked over the details after Bernard won his match, exchanging notes on viciousness. It developed that both men hated all mankind, and had done so from childhood. The Brute had had an unfortunate beginning in life. Born in Quebec, he developed into a "fatty", ridiculed by the other children. He spent most of those unhappy years in an orphanage, and at an early age was sent out to work. He weighed 315 pounds. Not until he discovered wrestling did he know true happiness — the happiness of getting even with the world for the dirty trick it had played on him.

As for Murphy, the baldness that came with early boyhood gave him his reason for resenting the jibes



Bernard, who lacks Murphy's experience, made the mistake of allowing himself to be locked in the ropes by Al Costello. Costello's partner, Roy Heffernan, stands outside ring at far left. Murphy later raced to Brute's aid and freed him.

and taunts of others. When he grew into a massive, muscular brute, he too began making up for the lost years.

And now they were together, giving one another encouragement in their hatred.

The reaction of the wrestling world, at the news of this fiendish mis-alliance, was one of dread. Not for themselves, since wrestlers are brave men. "We just felt," said Johnny Valentine, "that these guys might get out of hand – go berserk some night – and somebody would get badly hurt, if not killed. If it turned out to be a fan, wrestling might be ruined. We were all pretty edgy about it."

So was Bernard's analyst. For several years, a Detroit psychiatrist had appeared at each of the Brute's matches. It was necessary. Only he could prevent Bernard from killing his opponents once he got them in a helpless state. "I couldn't leave Detroit," says the Doctor, "and Murphy's plans for Bernard had him traveling all over the country."

But a strange thing happened. In their first match together, just three weeks later, Skull Murphy proved that he could control Bernard as effectively as any analyst. It was during their match with Miguel Perez and Billy Darnell in White Plains, New York. Many wrestlers traveled miles just to witness this bout – they wanted to see if their worst fears would be realized.

Murphy and Bernard nearly annihilated the two smaller heroes. At one point, when Bernard was about to yank Perez' head from his body, Murphy yelled across the ring, 'No, Jim! let him alone!"

And the Brute, his eyes glazed with madness, looked up. Then he nodded, rose and returned to tag Murphy. Murphy won the fall. It appeared that a miracle had taken place. And in a way it had. Skull Murphy had become a kind of Svengali, and the huge hulking Bernard was an incredible Trilby. But it worked.

"Frankly," admits Murphy, "I couldn't care less if Jim put any of these punks in the hospital. This is their business, they got to take their chances just like we do. But – if we actually killed one of them, it would mean disbarment from wrestling and maybe jail. Hell, are we going to throw our bread and butter away? Nope, I have to keep Brute under control – for our own sakes!"

For two months the new tag team cut a swath of terror through the East, where the fans had never before seen Bernard, although they were familiar – too familiar – with Murphy. To see both monsters in the ring at the same time was more than they could stand. At every appearance, at least one woman fan is known to faint from sheer terror and disgust at what she sees.

At this moment the New York State Commission is debating the advisability of barring Murphy and the Brute from the state. Other areas are equally worried. However, as of now no official word has come down from on high.

Skull Murphy and Brute Bernard will wrestle again. No one likes it, but nothing can be done about it until official action is taken. Whether that action comes in time to avert disaster is a question ●

YOU...

Can Be A Wrestling Correspondent

FOR BOTH BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS and WRESTLING REVUE

It's easy. All you do is list the monthly wrestling activity in your area, including the results of all bouts, and send it to us in time to reach our editorial office by the 25th day of each month. You may include newspaper clippings. Your name will be listed in each issue as an official correspondent.

SEND TO:
WRESTLING EDITOR
BOX 384
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L.I.,
NEW YORK

YOU...

Can Be A Wrestling Correspondent

FOR BOTH BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS and WRESTLING REVUE

It's easy. All you do is list the monthly wrestling activity in your area, including the results of all bouts, and send it to us in time to reach our editorial office by the 25th day of each month. You may include newspaper clippings. Your name will be listed in each issue as an official correspondent.

SEND TO:
WRESTLING EDITOR
BOX 384
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L.I.,
NEW YORK

Here's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to get a magnificent set of

32 WRESTLING PHOTOS FOR ONLY $4.00 Per Set, Postpaid

- ★ PRINTED ON HEAVY, SEPIA TONED CARDBOARD.
- ★ POSTCARD SIZE 3⅜"x5⅜".
- ★ IDEAL FOR PASTING IN YOUR SCRAPBOOK OR FRAMING.
- ★ PERFECT FOR AUTOGRAPHING.
- ★ A DIFFERENT WRESTLER ON EVERY CARD—
- ★ 32 CARDS TO THE COMPLETE SET.

Here are but a few of the Great Wrestling Stars you will receive:

Rocca, O'Connor, Rogers, Anaya, Orteh, Atlas, Carnera, Darnell, Eric, Drake, Gagne, Goelz, Gorgeous George, Mackay, McClarity, Rasputin, Stanlee, Schmidt, Thesz, Torres, and many more.

Sold as a set ONLY. No other cards available. Supply is limited — Order Now!

T.V. SPORTS, INC.
545 FIFTH AVE., ROOM 906
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Please send me the 32 postcard photos. I enclose $4.00 as payment in full. Send to:

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

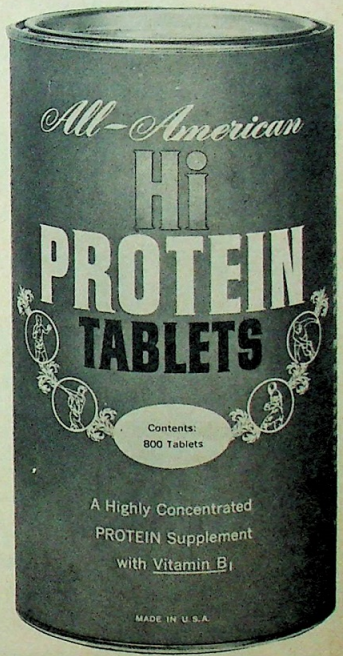
No C.O.D.'s please.

PROTEIN

SUSTAINS LIFE!
CONTROLS WEIGHT!
BUILDS STRONG BODIES!
MAKES SOLID MUSCLE!

BECAUSE *Protein is the Staff of Life!*

BETTER HEALTH INSTITUTE'S HI-PROTEIN IS A DELICIOUS, NUT-FLAVORED, SCIENTIFICALLY-PREPARED AND LABORATORY-TESTED TABLET DESIGNED TO SUPPLEMENT THE DIET OF THE WHOLE FAMILY.



Why not join the thousands of people who are now regularly taking our HI-PROTEIN? You'll soon discover for yourself the thrill of renewed vigor and vitality. With BETTER HEALTH INSTITUTE'S HI-PROTEIN you'll be truly amazed at your new-found ENERGY. Get on the road to good health the easy, pleasant, BETTER HEALTH HI-PROTEIN way!

REMEMBER *Age is Not a Factor... Protein is!*

DAD will recapture the drive that has been eluding him

MOM will be surprised at how quickly she'll wisk through the household chores.

YOUNGSTERS will show fewer signs of fatigue from vigorous play.

HI-PROTEIN IS INEXPENSIVE . . ITS RESULTS PRICELESS. ORDER YOUR SUPPLY TODAY!

Here's Why **YOU NEED A DAILY PROTEIN SUPPLEMENT IN ADDITION TO 3 SQUARE MEALS**

Whether you're an athlete or an office worker, three meals a day often do not supply your body's protein needs. That's why leaders in sports rely on high protein tablets to supplement their daily food intake, to assure perfect performance — and a zest for living.

PROTEIN STARVATION — A deficiency of proteins can leave you lacking in pep and energy, can bring on "hypoproteinism" — insufficient protein. BECAUSE THE BODY CANNOT STORE PROTEIN, you require a new supply every day for good health.

PROBLEMS OF MIDDLE AGE — People over 40 frequently suffer from protein deficiency, causing premature tissue wastage, anemia and bone atrophy. Protein repairs and builds muscles, blood, hair and skin . . . keeps you looking younger.

EFFECTIVE EXERCISE — You get more out of exercise when you supplement your diet with high protein tablets. Protein gives you the extra energy for vigorous exercising that breaks down unwanted fat deposits, redistributes weight and improves your build. High protein tablets and exercise together work twice as fast as exercise alone.

THE PROTEIN SUPPLEMENT FOR YOU — HI-PROTEIN TABLETS are the most complete protein tablets . . . provide more protein of high biological value and all the 11 essential amino acids. Chew HI-PROTEIN TABLETS at home, work, anywhere! A few pennies a day bring you new pep, strength . . . and a better body build.

BETTER HEALTH INSTITUTE 31 Union Square West — Room 501
New York 3, New York

Please send me the quantity of HI-PROTEIN checked below.
I enclose payment in full.

- ☐ Seventeen day supply (250 tablets) $2.95
- ☐ More than a month's supply (450 tablets) $4.95
- ☐ More than two month's supply (800 tablets) $6.95

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

For immediate delivery make payment with money order. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Offer good in U.S. only

THE NEWS YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

NOW!

6

BIG ISSUES OF

WRESTLING REVUE PER YEAR INSTEAD OF ONLY FOUR

THE MAGAZINE THAT CLICKED FROM THE DAY IT WAS BORN

*

FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF

BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS

The New All-Wrestling Magazine

Wrestling Revue

EVERY 8 WEEKS

A BRAND NEW ISSUE

50¢

PER COPY

- THRILLING ACTION PICTURES
- INSIDE STORIES
- EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

All the action packed drama of the wonderful world of professional wrestling packed between

STRIKING, FULL-COLOR COVERS

The finest writers and photographers give you a ringside seat at the top matches wherever they take place

ACCEPTED
BY THE PROMOTERS
AS THE

OFFICIAL MEDIUM

OF THE
WRESTLING WORLD

Wrestling ★ Revue ★

IS THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL
PUBLICATION OF ITS KIND

THE BIGGEST 50c WORTH ON THE NEWSSTAND TODAY

WRESTLING REVUE
Box 384
Rockville Centre, L. I., New York

WR 6/62

Send me a year's subscription to
WRESTLING REVUE. My $3.00 is enclosed.

Your name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Please check one: ☐ Renewal ☐ New Subscription

Offer good in U.S. and Canada. $4.00 in all other countries.

Come with Us

Into the dressing rooms
Into the homes of the

✦ STARS ✦

Sit with us during our

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS

MAKE WRESTLING REVUE A HABIT!

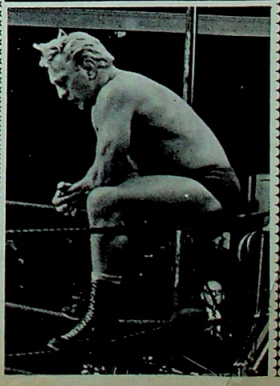
You'll be glad you did.

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED WHEN YOUR DEALER TELLS YOU, "SORRY, WRESTLING REVUE IS ALL SOLD OUT."

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

Only $3.00 per year

The Sure Way To Get Your Copy



What do you want out of life...

HEALTH? STRENGTH? VITALITY?

Are these goals worth STRETCHING for? If so, this

COMPLETE HOME GYM

was tailor made just for you.

Here is what you get

1—BARBELL. This adjustable attachment enables you to perform lifting exercises which will duplicate the results of heavy, clumsy barbells.

2—WALL PULLEYS. With this ingenious part of the COMPLETE HOME GYM, you can perform any wall pully exercise . . . wonderful for conditioning the chest and back.

3—HAND GRIPS. To increase the power of the hand, wrist and arm.

4—CABLE CHEST PULL. A supplement to the wall pully, this device will build, with remarkable speed, the whole upper body.

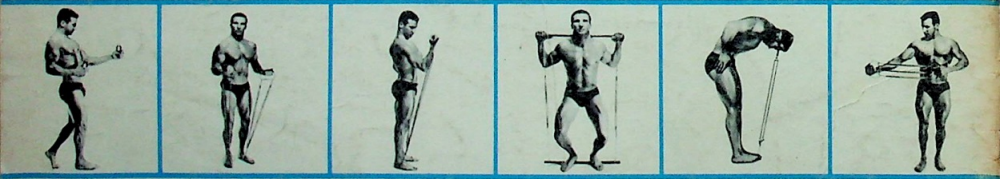
5—ROWING MACHINE ATTACHMENT. Here is an outstanding feature of this set, one that will keep you feeling young and vigorous. In itself it is worth the price of the entire HOME GYM.

6—FOOT STIRRUPS. For an endless variety of arm and leg exercises.

7—HEAD STRAP. Your vital neck muscles spring alive through the use of this clever attachment.

8—SKIP ROPE. An old standby of all athletes for building speed and coordination of the legs and wrists.

The whole family, mother, daughter, father and son will enjoy hours of fun and relaxation, but most important of all, find new, undreamed of strength and vitality by exercising with this COMPLETE HOME GYM. You can easily and quickly build the kind of body you've always wanted without spending a fortune at a Health Club or gymnasium. What the health clubs and elaborate body building mail order courses claim they can do for you, you can do for yourself right in your own home and for a price you can afford.



DEVELOPS ALL PARTS OF THE BODY . . . FOR ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

ORDER NOW ONLY $14 POSTPAID

Better Health Institute, Dept. BB-2
31 Union Square, West—Room 501
New York 3, New York

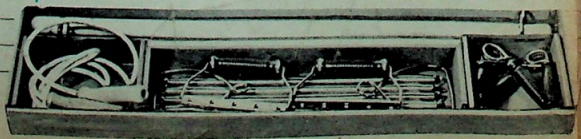
Please rush me your COMPLETE HOME GYM. I enclose $14 as payment in full.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Offer good in U.S. & Canada. For delivery in all other countries add $3.00 for shipping costs. No C.O.D. orders accepted. For quickest delivery make payment with money order.

PERFECT FOR BEGINNERS—The COMPLETE HOME GYM is based on the theory of adjustable tension. This means that you adjust the amount of tension by either increasing or decreasing the number of springs on the exercisers. As you progress in your training your strength increases and therefore you require greater resistance. Thus even the youngest child can benefit from the HOME GYM.

Simply follow the instructions, a few hours each week, then marvel at the result as thousands of others have done before you.